

The background of the entire page is a painting of a misty forest. Tall, slender trees with dark trunks stand in a foggy atmosphere. The ground is covered in water, creating clear reflections of the trees and the light filtering through the mist. The overall mood is serene and contemplative.

MY RANDOM JOTTINGS BY DONALD JAY
MAY 1996 TO DECEMBER 1998

*A Collection
of Poems*

So this is the end of over two and a half years of my poetry work

From May 1996 till December 1998

1. INTRODUCTION TO MY COLLECTION OF RANDOM JOTTINGS

Over the many years of my life I have become a collector you could say a hoarder of what you might call rubbish I call it Philosophy, poetry and wit. The Random Jottings of a Dyslectic Retired Council Workman. Poetry and wit found on toilet walls Philosophy from the subway walls I remember it well the black felt tip pen being dyslectic I find I can remember things like that why I don't know ? yes I did work on the council and my poems are true well most of them Philosophy the meaning of life's knowledge poetry in word and song there is wit of many sorts throughout the land I try to collect it as I pass down the road of my life you might think it's odd I don't and I make some up my self someday I hope someone might publish my works well if you are reading this someone has well we all most have a dream a hope without hope without a dream what would life be like every person has to believe in something , May The Lord bless you and keep you safe all the days of your life.

I even have a pen-name Dohmnall Le Gai . Dohmnall is Gaelic for Donald. Le Gai is Norman French for Le Jay or Jay.

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The Random Jottings of a Dyslectic Retired Council Workman .

THE OUTDOOR-WORKERS PRAYER

Dear Lord it's me again ?. Lord you know I am no good at reading and writing and my education was not that good and Lord you know I have worked all my life outdoors in the sun , rain and cold Lord you know I like a drink of beer and a fag or two Lord you know I am a sinner and I swear a bit Lord I am sorry I do try not to swear and Lord I sin in some way every day but I ask for your forgiveness

I am just set in my ways Lord I do try after a lifetime of working outdoors in all weather meeting all sorts of good and bad and grumpy people it's hard to forgive but I do my best Lord forgive my sin's as I try to forgive others life's hard Lord when you have worked hard all your life and have little to show for it but Lord there are people who are worse off than me I have food and drink and a home some people have nothing and Lord I thank you for always being there for me just a prayer away you never look down on me or any other person I know there is always hope I thank you Lord for this day you have given to me as I now lay my head down to sleep I pray you look over me and my family and I hope I can serve you tomorrow in some small way but I know yesterdays gone today is mine but tomorrow is yours to give thank you Lord . AMEN.

A CHRISTMAS INVITATION

Foreman Milton , nickname The Doc. Drainer Walter , nickname Bardy , well like I mean . Drainer Ben , nickname Grumpy . Drainer Bob , nickname , Robin-Hood's Bay . Drainer Donald , nickname Big D. Driver Goerge , nickname nip a nacker . Every year on Christmas eve the council drainers would visit all the local plumbers and builders who they had done work for over the year for a Christmas invitation drink well all except Ben he was a tea total a man of the church at 10 am of we would go and at 3 pm we did not know where we had been we all was quit merry by then and we would all make our way home for Christmas if we where lucky and not called out to unblock a drain or salt the roads now this Christmas our Walter on his way home had to pick up the turkey and Walter was very merry well drunk by this time well Walter got to the butchers and picked his turkey up but when Walter got home there was no turkey and to this day he never new where it went to or I should say where Walter lost the dam turkey our

Walter never lived it down he was in the doghouse that Christmas .
Ecclesiastes 8 v 15 . No better thing under the sun than to eat and drink and to be merry .
To the Lad's at Nelson Council's Cleansing Department 1960's to 1970's

A HORTICULTURAL FESTIVE ELEMENT

Oh what is Lancashire becoming now they are trying to do away with Christmas in the name of political correctness well as far as I'm concerned they can get stuffed they have come up with this rubbish so not to offend people of other cultures we Christians put up with other religions so they can put up with our's one stupid council have renamed Christmas silly sod's to a midwinter cultural and commercial event ? they have renamed the good old Christmas tree to a horticultural festive element with embellishments of a illuminated nature a Christmas tree with lights on to you and me what next political correctness a way to buy vote's and give grant's for vote's who say's politicians aren't bent I think they are taking our Christian English Heritage away .

Matthew 1:23. Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son and his name shall be called Em-man'u-el which means God with us .

A LANCASHIRE COUNCIL WORKMAN

I wake up each day at the break of dawn have a drink of tea and off to work I go with my clogs on my feet to the council yard I walk I work all day for little pay jack of all trades and master of none from dry-stone walling to draining flagging to paving driving a wagon or a van or pushing a cart sweeping the streets or emptying bins no black plastic bags in my day the bins full of ash and other muck what a way to earn a day's pay Winter comes round once again we salt the roads and clear the snow away it's cold and hard working all night and day to try and clear the snow away then summer comes working out in the sun the heat burns down but you can't put your shovel down I must dig down 40 feet to clear a drain and when that job's done it's off to the next one no end to work we must toil on every day that comes more bent you go with pain yes pain in your back or legs and arms you can see the old council workman bent in two the old council workman never seems to reach old age the outdoor work disables and kills but when a council workman dies before they get to 65 do you care no not one bit he spends all his life shovelling shit and muck you stuck up people who do not care of that old council workman lying there now in peace at rest at last no more working hard all day for you stuck up council tax paying brats rest in peace my old workmate's .

Dedicated to Nelson and Burnley council's and all the people I knew and worked with

A LANCASHIRE MILL TOWN NELSON

Many years ago when I was a lad in a Lancashire Mill Town I lived in bed in a morning you could hear Men and Women on their way to the mill with clogs on their feet and irons on their clogs you could hear every footstep they made at 5-30 am to the weaving shed they made their way each day 6 days a week and on the seventh day was rest the weaving shed what a place that was the noise you could not hear a thing if one weaver wanted to say something to another weaver they had to lip read lets go though the shed to the engine house what a place that was the great big steam engine with the big wheel clean and bright going round it could run the mills power all day and night what a sight to see the man in charge was my dad with oil can and rags he made that engine run like clockwork now lets go round the side to the boiler house you could see the men with their coal shovels and rakes the fire burning bright to heat the water to turn to

steam to run the engine to run the looms to make the cloth and at 5-30 pm the clogs you could hear again slower now but with a laugh they made their weary way home now the mills are no more all shut down the clogs have been put to rest the weaving trade as died a death like many more trades in the north west in this old Lancashire mill town of mine Nelson .
JOB:7-6. My days are swifter than a weavers shuttle and are spent without hope.
Dedicated to my Dad MR. William Jay 1896 to 1962 Mill Engineer . R-I-P.

A QUIET DAY OUT

Let's all go for a pick-nick to the quietest place in town where you can sit on the grass with your sandwiches and flask pop and crisps cake and pie's don't mind the fly's lean back for a rest with your head on that stone let the children fly their kit's and play bat and ball on the grass look at the flowers there renewed every week what a wonderful place this is ? look at the people over there on that bench with tears of joy in there eye's and tears running down there faces what a place of contentment this is prase the Lord peace rules overall where they play bat and ball and kit's high in the sky in our local graveyard in the fields of the dead or you could take a trip out for the day and on the grass by the rose beds sit where bee's fly about and a smoky mist drifts all around and long black cars pass you by every half hour or so and if you take a bag there's bone-meal by the ton for you to feed your garden rose bed or lawn there are free flowers to take home because they only throw them away
on a day trip to your local crematorium .
Song of Solomon 2: 1 v 2. I am the rose of sharon .
A Colne Graveyard Lancashire in the 1970s

A WASHING LINE AS NO SECRETS

There's lots of things hanging on the line over the backyard wall things that a young lad never should forget over the backyard wall on a sunny day when the sun shines bright or when the sun does not shine at all there's lots of things hanging on the line over the backyard wall there are lady's what-not's hanging on the line over the backyard wall I wonder who designed that lot I'm glad it's not me over the backyard wall on a sunny day when the sun shines bright or when the sun does not shine at all there's lots of things hanging on the line over the backyard wall the lady next door hangs her what-not's on the line over the backyard wall they are so big you could go camping in them over night over the backyard wall her husband wears long-jonhs, ha, ha, ha, over the backyard wall on a sunny day when the sun shines bright or when the sun does not shine at all there's lots of things hanging on the line over the backyard wall the washing as no secrets that's true over the backyard wall so just watch out what you hang out over the backyard wall there are naughty lads like me looking all about over the backyard wall on a sunny day when the sun shines bright or when the sun does not shine at all there's lots of things hanging on the line over the backyard wall .

LOCAL BALLROOMS DANCING DAYS

We once had ballrooms in our town but now they are all closed down one burnt down and the other is a furniture warehouse now we had all the famous pop stars Wrestling and Boxing to disco's for the children on a Saturday afternoon and at the other ballroom it was old time dancing there the Foxtrot and The Waltz and The Quickstep lady's dancing bust to bust there

was a shortage of men and under the dance room there was a large Restaurant for Wedding and Funeral Teas it was the place to go now it's all lost in the past no more feet trip the floor The Imperial and The Romany are sad to say no more.

Ecclesiastes 3. 1 v 8 . A time to weep, and a time to laugh, A time to mourn , and a time to dance. In Memory of Mona and Welbury Petty at the Romany Ballroom my childhood friends

THE LOCAL SWIMMING BATHS AND SPORTS CENTRES

It is said to swim is to move unaided through water well that's great but to do this when I was young it only cost six old pence or two and a half new pence but today if you want to go swimming it will cost you £150 or more plus food and drink they will not let you take your own in well not at my local baths they sell stuff to me at over the odd prices plus any extras children's eye catchers (Mum Dad can I have ?) mind you today if you want a swim you have to go to big sports centre it all costs you or a wave pool complex you can do any sport at a price and guess what the children always want to try that game or sport you always find you have to book a 16 week course and join the club why more cost they most think money grows on tree's bring back the old swimming pools at two and a half new pence each it would get some of the young people of the streets at night and open the sports centres free of charge to the young under 18 years old well it's your council your council tax your young children on the streets get the schools open at nights for home work and sports it all belongs to you the tax payer not the councils they only manager it for you .

Psalms : 42-9. One deep calleth another, because of the noise of the water-pipes;

All thy waves and storms are gone over me.

Happy day's in the old Bradley Bath's at Nelson , entrance fee six old pence two and a half new pence

MY CHILDHOOD HOLIDAY NIGHTMARE BLACKPOOL 1950s

We all went to Blackpool at holiday wake's week the week the mills shut down a trip on the steam train from Nelson to Blackpool the train with no W/C it stopped at every town on the way two and a half hours to get to Blackpool 35 mile's away, no wonder I wanted to wee , I had to wee out of the train window I hope I did not splash you in the face as you looked out of your window on the train to see if you could see Blackpool Tower like all the other people on the train Blackpool noted for fun fresh air and fame ? , we took our buckets and spades and a pack-er-mac just in case it rained, we all carted our bags to our digs a room out of hell at the back the food was nothing to brag about it made you feel quite sick when we went out we got an ice-cream with sand in and some raspberry stuff on the top and watched a punch and judy show on the beach if you could call that fun the best fun to see was a dog have a wee on a lady's handbag on the sand then we had a treat we went out for a dinner fish and chips on a dirty old plate then we all make our way back to the beach to have a paddle in the sea there were jelly fish that stung us all as we paddled about there was all sorts of things floating in the sea there was

brown stuff and long pink bloom's floating about round my feet we all said we had a good time in the water a little white-lie the salty sea fresh air to me smelt like the sewerage works at Nelson well that's what I thought then we would have to go to the wax-works the place was not nice for the young to see and then we had time on the Golden mile on the penny slots and things and then the week was over and it was time to make our way back on that train we had some food and pop and sweets we all feel asleep on the train it must have been all that fresh air, I wonder next year will we get a train with a passage way and a W/C . " once a year was to much for me"

Blackpool is no deferent 50 years on it still as terds and condoms in the sea and they say the sand is full of germs .

THE PUBLIC W/C OR HELL IN THE BOGS

It's hell on earth to me they call it the public W/C's they are dirty and smell it's like a living hell that small room writing on the walls it's where all great poets begin there's holes in the walls where queers look though to see what you are doing in that small room with queers and shirtlifters the British public W/C's are full you can never get in when you want to wee or poo the poetry is rude if not rude id say crude there are posters everywhere telling you what to do ring if you have H-I-V or Aids or a dose of the pox you might even get syphilis or gonorrhoea ring ring ring and don't forget from the seat or the pot you might get crabs around your ??? the now have a machine on the wall for condoms for the use of ? the condoms come in all shapes and flavours to why I don't know, do you ? it's the same in the men's W/C's and the lady's W/C's to how do I know I worked for the council long ago I thought the men's W/C's where rough until I went in the lady's that made me sick the poetry on the walls was ruder than in the men's and the lady's if you could call them that flung used sanitary towels all over the place and at the back of the W/C's it's a Hell on earth in the public W/C's you should give the poor council toilet cleaner a Knight-hood or the O-B-E for cleaning up the mess you lot leave.

In memory of old Winston and Jim and Sid and Margret Nelsons public WC's cleaners .

THE BOWLING GREEN

If you play the game of Crown Green Bowl's you you will know it's played on grass the centre of the green is called the crown that's how it most have got it's name it's played with one small white bowl and two large black bowl's now some people have changed the black bowl's for coloured bowl's you have to get your two large bowl's nearest to the white bowl that's how it's played there are young and old fat and thin male and female anyone can play the game they curse and swore and shout out loud a noisy lot they are you would not think they could be like that it seems such a peaceful game I have seen bowl's come and go to the great crown green in heaven they hope to go now the bowling green is a small nature reserve cats and birds and even bats fly about and sometimes the cats kill the birds and the bats fly round late at night I have seen small children with there heads stuck though the bowling bowling green railings children

playing on the greens when the bowlers are not there what a sin and then you get the bowlers who think the council green is there own private green but you always get people who think they own or want to run a club when they don't no matter what game or sport or activity you do that's life we must have to have a few pillocks to muck things for others and council grownsmen sorry labours who can't cut the grass .

Psalms . In the Lord put I my trust, How say ye then to my soul, That should flee as a bird unto the hill.

My view of Thomas Street Bowling Green Nelson and the council even if you write a letter to the council they take no notice of it.

COUNCIL DAYS BYGONE DAYS

I've paved the paths and streets with gold I've laid black velvet on the roads for miles and miles I've laid priceless pipe in the brown earth down deep For the early morning dew and soft raindrops to run though I've driven a golden waggon with a amber flashing star on the roof spread fine golden grains of salt on the pure white snow and frost I've dug down very deep into gods brown earthly soil with my pewter spade and iron bar and my pick of fine steel and my hammers and chisels and other tools of my trade all in my one wheel road transport the Irish mans taxi the old wheelbarrow I've worked with my hands out in all weather no matter what Sun , Snow , Sleet , Rain , Frost , Wind , and calm weather as well I was just a young country lad when I started this outdoor work now I am old bent and gray with memories of times long past leaning on a fence with dreams of my working days I remember the fire's in the brazier to keep warm in cold days the working way's of my life have died out like many rural trades of the past we worked all day for little pay but we had some good workmates and some good laughs all in bygone days now my workmates are fading away one by one my golden dreams of times past fly to and fro in my mind council days bygone days in a time long ago thanks for my memories of a life well lived .

To all the council men though out the land past and present .

CAMPING OUT

He but it's a grand and healthy life camping out all day and night in a tent under canvass yes it's great when the sun is up and bright but when it's cold and raining it's another tale you have wasp's and bee's that sting and hornets and other things like earwigs and ant's and bugs by the ton you open your weatabix and get a dish of earwigs he but it's a grand and healthy life it's raining out side the tent is wet and damp your cloths and bedding are all cold and damp and in the middle of the night when you want to do a poo it's a mad dash across the field to a smelly

old bog but if you want to do a wee you can do it behind the tent in the long grass but mind your arse nettles don't half leave a sting he but it's a grand and healthy life now the shower block that's a sight smelly and unclean and you could catch anything from that place from athletes foot to a dose of crabs from the dirty people who used the shower just before you and when your week is though all you have to do is go home and relax and clean your self up he but it was not grand it was a unhealthy life for you and your friends so we well all have to go again next year ? I've been there and done that have you ?.

SEWERMAN CECIL

Sewerman Cecil for the council did work general labour roller driver and sewerman Cecil was a jack of all trades and a master of none he stood five foot two inches when he was sober not drunk in his donkey jacket and flat cap now Cecil was not a man of knowledge his experiences in life was small just like him being disabled with a hump on his back and deaf as a post our Cecil lived in a world of his own work and the club was his life now Sewerman Cecil in the town centre was at work down a manhole with his rods clearing a drain when Old Robinson the Borough Surveyor came up on the site he looked down the manhole and said hello Cecil is it blocked up with Excreta ? Cecil looked up and said no it's blocked with shit now if Cecil and the rest of the lads could have spelt Excreta they said they would not be stood up the there knees in shit it's a bit like when they said we had to put inclement weather on our time sheets we all put snowing instead intruth if we could have spelt Excreta we would have not spent all our life's shovelling shit would you ?.

COLNE ON THE HILL

Theirs a rainbow over Colne I wonder why ? it's said, it was the last place on Earth God ever made God threw the last lump of muck down on the ground and said sod it and that's that the Earth is made now and I'll call that last bit of muck Colne and then God put His feet up and took a day of rest and that's how Colne came to be the township on the hill by-gum that hill is steep going down it's like the road to Hell no wonder it's the last township in Lancashire before you reach The White Rose Country before you get to passport control to The Yorkshire Dales it's a very funny old place the township of Colne they have a town hall clock that never runs you can see the old town hall clock for miles around we all no Colne people cannot tell the time anyway because the pubs and clubs never shut they are open all day and night and it's been like that since time begun the only good thing about Colne is the road that runs right down and out of the country of Lancashire across the moors and dales to the country of Yorkshire what ever you do don't go the other way you will end up in the township of Nelson known to all as Little Islamerbad and that's a township a lot worse than Colne I never thought I would say it but that's true .

Psalms. 12v1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills .

Nelson and Colne are now rundown old mill towns dump's give em a miss.

THE CO-OP SHOP

Come and shop at the cooperative shop it was a great idea out of what you spent you got a dividend three times every year you had a family number like 10588 what ever you spent you got your div'y like if you spent one pound you got two pence div'y and it was paid out to you three times a year you did feel rich you could get anything you wanted from the co-op Food , Cloths , Lino , Carpet , Furniture any thing at all there was no need to shop around you got it from the co-op shop the co-op was the best shop in town there was a co-op shop on every street or so it seemed you could even get our order delivered no charge now the co-op is no more a sad lose to us all our local heritage as faded away into nothing .
Palms . 78 v 26. So men did eat angels' food: For He sent them meat enough.
Bring back the co-op shop's now please.

A COUNCIL CHRISTMAS 1950s to 1970s

So it's Christmas time again oh, oh, oh, it's Christmas eve in the council yard crisp frost and snow lay all about has the old green iron wheeled cabin's come into the yard on the backs of waggons, tractors and dumpers has the fires die down in the old green council cabin's the council workmen in gangs hang round waiting for the time to creep off to the pub for a Christmas pint of beer or two or three ? I see council workmen standing round fires talking of time's past the so called good old days of years past story's of snow drifts 10 feet deep snow above the windows snow on the top roads drifts from wall to wall dead body's found in snow drifts when digging them out strange tales from old council workmen going back to the 1800s story's around dyeing fires in the council yard then off to the pub or home for Christmas and two days rest ? that's if you are lucky most are not call out's for gritting or blocked sewers and drains and the rest the council workmen on call 24 hours a day 365 days a year so it's here merry Christmas to every one have fun oh oh oh bar-humbug Ebenezer.
To all on the Old Highway's dept of Nelson Council when Eddy Winterbottom was incharge he was better known as Coldarse that was a good nickname .

COUNCIL PALS NOW GONE

In days gone by, when I was young, the rural life I led on the Council I did work with Walter , Bob and Milton and Ben there was Jack the Binman, what a lad, lifting bins with me of ash and muck and other things you would not like to see Donald the Drainer, with rods in hand to unblock your drains he was your lad. Now to Donald the smell was like a fine scent to him but would you do his job, unblock your bog ? even on time and a terd there was Tar Boiler Mick and Paver Bill with buckets and bars there was no-one neater and Stan the Flagger, they worked all day in sun and rain it was not like play Road Sweeper Bob with brush in hand in the town centre he did stand and sweep till day was done and don't forget the lads on nights, salting the roads to your delight the council worker had small reward but in truth it is to tell, but for the lads who do this work your town would smell like hell so take some time to think of this the next time you want to complain . To my time on Nelson Council .

DEPORTED FROM LANCASHIRE

Was the first Kings of England really called ECGBERHT and AETHELWULF I bet they came from Lancashire with names like that we even had a Roman in Lancashire by the name of PAULINUS no wonder we have places like Ramsbottom and Oswaldtwistle I feel like a Cistercian ruin Lancashire's full of em well now I will have to let you into a Lancashire secret we had to deport Ecgerht and Aethelwulf and Paulinus you might ask why because they did not like Black puddings and tripe and they thought going to Blackpool was going to a black pool not the seaside that's why we sent them down south they don't know any better down there and we could not get them to wear Clogs and visit the weaving shed and they could not make it up Pendle Hill without a rest call them self's men and when it came to Sheep spotting they where no good they could not put on there Green Wellingtons they would never make a true Lancastrian , Lancashire is the place where Men are Men and woman is glad of em so we sent em down South with the Pansies.

A Maidens Prayer . O Lord send me a man and if he die's send me another ?.

We have some history up north they have nowt down south

DESERTION 1914-1918-1998

The poppy fields of France were turned to a muddy bloody mire trenches dug out with solders wet and cold guns and bullets the first tanks and planes and killing gas clouds filled the air thousands of our lads were sent over the top death was there fate death slaughter sorrow and pain and limbs shot away now thousands upon thousands have to Heaven have gone some lads were left shell shocked and stressed out there minds in confusion and fear who could not fight no more they said they were cowards look at your mates all died with honour hundreds of our lads it was said they deserted there posts with there minds in confusion fear and shock and pain they where tried for desertion stood in a field and shot to death not by the foe but shot by British Military The British Labour Government of 1998 won't give them lads a pardon reprieved from the 1914-1918 war innocent lads where put to death there crime was so simple there minds where in shock from seeing death and disaster disablement in front of there eye's The British Labour Government wont give you a pardon and set you free but The British people will give you a reprieve a pardon so our lads rest in peace in Heaven with our Lord Jesus Amen.

IS IT TRUE DOES HE TAKE SUGAR

The outdoor manual worker at last the truth is out The insurance companies say private pensions and insurance for the outdoor lads is a waste of time and money because most never reach 65 years of age why ? the outdoor work disables and kills you off mind you the best time of my working life was working for Nelson and Burnley council's as a sewer man a drain layer a jack of all trades and master of none yes I am disabled yes from birth yes I have dyslexia school for me was a waste of time but it's funny when one is out people say mind you not direct to me what's wrong with him ? how many pills does he take does he take sugar silly sods the lot of em I am a person I have a mind I can talk so ask me and I will tell you I don't have H-I-V, you cannot catch what I have when will people learn , never silly people.

DISABLED PARKING SPACE'S

Why do the able bodied park in disabled parking spots they nip to the cash points and draw out such allot but they are taking parking space up from people who can't walk like them I wonder why they do it are they all just selfish gets you can see them at the supermarket or the town centre it's all the same if there is a disabled parking space the able bodied like to take that space the poor disabled person as to park where they can struggling on there sticks and crutches or in a wheelchair and the able bodied just don't give a dam it could be you some day just think. Take my disabled parking space take my disablement too

THE WORLD OF THE DRY-STONE WALL

There's a world that you don't even know of not so far away where small creatures live and crawl by day and night it's called a dry-stone wall in and around it there are creatures great and small from the footing stones to the hearting stones and the through stones to the cam stones to the stone gate posts it's a world in it self a world you might not believe in but it's there there are holes in the walls for hogs, pigs and sheep to go through but have you ever seen a sheep jump ten foot over a dry-stone wall there are stone stiles for walkers to pass over the old wall when though the fields and country lanes they walk and hike for miles and miles the old dry-stone walls run who built them ? and when you look at them from afar you might think life could not exist but in the wall for hundreds of years a world of creatures live and there is the moss and grass's and small flowers bloom out of the cracks and holes life blooms and lives a dry-stone wall is a place of mystery to explore and a bounty of living life you will find there the men who built these walls was steady and strong and tradesmen in the craft have nearly died out I was a dry-stone waller in years long past the life was hard the winds were cold as they blew around your old bones no wonder the dry-stone walling trade has nearly died out now if you go out into space one of the great wonders of the world you will see it runs for hundreds of hundreds of miles across China it's called The Great wall we have one on the borders of England and Scotland called Hadrian's wall and between England and Wales someone built a dyke I wonder who to keep out ?.

DYSLEXIA

When I was in infant school at the age of 5 or 6 years old I can remember one morning sat there from playtime till lunch time not being able to do my reading or maths they said I was a bright lad till then

After that I was labelled as thick ? in the 1950s they did not know about dyslexia the teachers never cared about me I landed up on the school garden most of the time I was good at gardening

, art and craft and cooking I was never any good at sport because of a birth defect I was born with a Heart Defect (I-H-D) the teachers from 1955 to 1965 let me down ? it's a strange world I ended up being The Chairman of Governors at the junior school that did not care about me ? I had the power to employ , sack , and reprimand them all ? I ended up working on the local council as a Drainer and jack of all trades and later on in my life I became a Instructor/ Supervisor on the Y-T-S I had to give up work in 1984 because of my ill health ? I still cannot read or write or do maths but who gives a dam who cares ? I would say to you or any person never give up on your self I don't you can do anything you wish to just put your mind to it it does not matter if you cannot read or do maths ect you are as good as any other person if not better don't let any one tell you , you are not .

1 Corinthians 15 v 10.

But by the grace of God I am what I am and His grace towards me was not invain .

ENGLAND'S GREEN AND UNPLEASANT LAND

England is a green and unpleasant land if you are living on the street do people know just what it's like when you have no home no food or work to do you might have been in care and at 16years of age you are left to fend for your self you might have been ill in your mind and the hospital turned you out or you just might have been unlucky lost your job home and family you might have left school at 16 or 18 and never found a job if you have been out of work for 20 years or more people look down on you , they think you are scum low life no hope for you at all but they don't know your hurt your lose of pride your soul eating away inside they don't understand why you drink or take drugs just to forget they just see you as a looser and boozier a beggar on the street who is to blame for all of this politicians the guardians of our state yes they have let you down with there own greed and sin's they said the state would take care of you from the cradle to the grave how untrue the politicians are they lie and cheat and get rich to why do we let them get away with it all the time what's the point of voting for people who lie and cheat people who look down on use sleeping in the street we have no vote so they don't care of that poor person lying there cold and wet sick and disabled left forgotten by all well not all the church try to help a bit of food at Christmas and a bed for a few days until the Christmas TV news as gone and left us back on the streets forgotten until next Christmas time.

Acts 2 v 25 . I saw the Lord always before me for he is at my right hand that I may not be shaken .

FARTFARMS

The wind blows north south east and west but where does the wind blow best in one's pant's or down one's dress now we have wind farms it make's you think does this mean that God as put teeth in bums well the way some people talk God as spoilt some good bums by putting teeth in them so if we go to a wind farm and all a picknick sat on the grass will our bums with teeth in start to chew the grass like a cow chewing the cud and why do all men fart aloud and a woman try to hold a fart in you should know the old saying it's a sad arse that never rejoice's or let the wind blow free where air ye be in church or chapel let it rattle for it was the wind that killeth me so lets all bare our arse's and let the wind blow free well is this where the wind starts from at prayer time with arse's up to the east
but where does the wind go to when the wind as been released ?.
2 Kings 2. 11-12. And Elijah went up by a whirlwind into Heaven.

THE E-E-C HAVE BANNED IT

Food for thaw't or thought wiz in Lancashire now yes food for your reflection the Lancashire way in Lancashire it was a treat until the Europe band it nearly all by-gum it where a treat to eat bread and dripping it keep out the cold beef tea a drink made from beef and boiling old beef bones it was a drink to give you if you where ill or rundown or broth a thick meat and veg soup it was good now tripe was good for you so they said ? it's the edible part of a cows or ox's stomach you see tripe was white or green the green was raw the white had been bleached tripe stewed with onions or raw with vinegar and salt and pepper on beef pie and black pea's or sheep's brain stewed in milk and then for a treat sweetbread's sheep's testicals to you sliced and fried with bacon and kidneys it's great liver and onions not bad once in a while or brawn pickled chopped pork on a folk beef stew and hard with onions the hard was oatcake bread you would have this in a pub after a few pints of ale and black-pudding a dish of delight it's a sausage made from boiled blood and suet and things .

Psalms 78 v 26. so men did eat angel's food for he sent them meat enough.

Is the E-E-C above Gods will no , no say I eat drink and be merry for tomorrow ???

GREASY GOOD OLD FISH AND CHIPS

It's the British nations food of old that's when men where men and women where glad of them you could buy the meal in nearly every town in the land they wrapped it in old newspapers in the day's of old till The E-E-C band that as well like every thing else British ? one part of the dish is potato the other part if fish this fish is covered in a crispy batter batter is made form flour, water and salt strange is not it the potato is cut into long white sticks the fish is covered in the batter then they are put into a big fryer and cooked until they are crispy and brown yum yum when I was young you bought fish and chips for only six old pence but today it will cost you two pounds or more inflation so they say ? if you are rich you can eat your meal in the shop but instead of paying two pounds or so it will cost you four pound odd you can eat your meal on a nice cracked greasy plate with a knife and fork with food congealed stuck on the fork but be wear some bureaucrat some where will ban our favourite dish because it's cooked in fat, it could be beef fat or lamb ? eat fish and chips now while you can before that bureaucrat bans the lot beat the ban if you can and stick two fingers up at the bureaucrats.

MY ENJOYMENT OF FOLK MUSIC

From the sixties I have had enjoyment and pleasure from ? folk music both British and Irish one of the best Irish folk groups to me was The Clancy Brothers with Tommy Makem The Clancy Brothers name's where Pat, Tom and Liam one of the first Irish folk groups I ever heard was The Dubliners the first song I heard was The Seven Drunken Nights being a ex council workman I like a song written by Dominic Behan " McAlpine's Fusiliers" and it's true what the song say's " If you value your life you won't join by cripes with McAlpine's Fusiliers " and like most outdoor workers this life as disabled and killed my ex workmate's well before they reach the age of 65 years this make's me think of the song " Look at the coffin" with golden handles Isn't it grand boy's to be bloody well dead but before we die I hope we can all take our share of" The Juice of the Barley" or A Bucket of the Mountain Dew now this song say's O ye poets, " Now learned men as use the pen, Have writ the praises high of the rare poitin from Ireland green, Distilled from wheat and rye away with yer pills I'll cure all ill's be ye Pagan Christian or Jew so take off your coat and grease your throat with a bucket full of Mountain Dew to this day I am still a folk music fan so don't forget your , Jug of Punch, and Maids when you are young never wed an oldman.

Ecclesiastic's 44.3-9. Such as found out musical tunes and recited verses in writing.

GODS COUNTIES OF THE ROSE'S

God made The Counties of the Rose's The Lancashire Red and The Yorkshire White where men are men and not pansies and the woman are glad of em o'right on our feet we wear clogs not shoes and a flat cap on our heads o/k we wear brace's to hold our pants up not a belt or a bit of string and we all have a waste coat we are proud of to put our Gold Watch and Chains in we don't dress up in posh suits and stuff that's not our way up here we don't eat white bread and butter we eat Hovis with Dripping on and we don't like that chemical beer it's real Ale that's the drink for use we don't eat our Fish and Chips out of white paper we use news paper to rap ours in it's great when the vinegar soaks right through now I can here you all thinking lets move up north they live like kings and Queens well you can all bog off we don't want you no matter what race or colour religion or creed you have to have 300 years of local ancestry to be excepted up here you see now it's coming up to the year 2000 AD it I'll be just the same up here in 4000 AD we don't change up here in Lancashire and Yorkshire we are strong in the arm not weak in the head. Genesis . In the beginning God created.

IT'S TIME TO PARDON THE INNOCENT OF PENDLE

When will the Lancastrian Red Rose bloom in The Forest of Pendle again the evil King James like a dragon flew through the Forest of pendle like the devil he rode are they boggarts and gobbling's who ride with him or witch-finders and magistrates yes yes yes who were they after in the name of King James but the innocent sick and disabled and insain they called them witches and warlocks they said they flew by the light of the moon in the year of our Lord 1612 the battle began and to this day it still goes on when will it all end when the innocent get A Royal Pardon let King James evil army flee away once and for all then we of God will have won with the Lord on our side the army of evil will disappear and when the battles won from a conflict that as raged since 1612 but when will the people of Pendle rest they was innocent and

was condemned to death at Lancaster castle the innocent was put to death executed at Lancaster on the 20th of August in 1612 no fewer than sixteen inhabitants of the Forest of Pendle was on trial and ten of them put to death they called them The Lancashire Witches of 1612 it would be nearer the truth to say that nothing but fiction was received in evidence it should have been the witch-finders and magistrates and Kind James who swung on the tree not the innocent people of The Forest of Pendle the Lancashire Rose will bloom again when the innocent get A Royal Pardon but I don't think this Royal Family will give them a pardon 1998 or ever ?.

OLD LENARD THE TRAMP

Every city town and village as a tramp or two we had a tramp in our town a legend of a man his name was Lenard a gentleman of the road and Lenard was a gentleman unlike most today by trade Lenard was a weaver in years long ago but old Lenard is past is sell by date let down many years ago by love for a lady or so the story goes now old Lenard is a folk tale their are no more like him around roaming the streets and byways of a dirty old Lancastrian mill town " Nelson " in the winter he slept in the public WC's in summer he slept in the park shelters people so him right for food and drink and money for a pint and a warm by the taproom fire he once got beat up by a gang of teenagers the teenagers got worked over by the tarmacers I am glad to say o ur Lenard was a gentle gentleman a prince of the road was he his heart was pure his thoughts was to he ended up in a old folks home but now he's in far better place where people don't look down on him he's walking the highways of heaven where his gentlemanly ways are plane to see. Dedicated to a Gentleman of the road Old Lenard R-I-P.

LESS WE FORGET

Childhood memory's of a Boy-Scout made of stone memory's of a statue of a Boy-Scout all alone childhood memory's of a statue in Victoria Park they all stood there in Victoria Park The War's Cenotaph a drinking fountain and the statue of a stone Boy-Scout all alone a large bell hung in two tree's to be rung to tell all that Victoria Park was about to be shut childhood memory's of war's long ago my childhood memory's don't go back as far as The 1914-18 Great War but my farther and grand-farther fought in that war long ago so did The Scouts of a Lancashire Mill Town called Nelson they are remembered by a lone stone statue of a Scout all alone it's stood in Victoria Park for years forgot by most now my childhood Boy-Scouts on the move would you know it's being removed to Nelson Town Centre by The Cenotaph not so far away from the drinking fountain of long ago the statue will stand out plane for all to see there's been war's upon war's it's no different today it's for all you to remember the lad's and lass's who died killed for you to be a free person today at the dawn of the day and at the setting of the sun we shall remember you all who died for us never forget there sacrifice they gave there life so you today could live in peace don't let there sacrifice be invain remember them at the rising of the sun and the setting of the sun rest in peace now and thank-you for our life. 1998 if the council ever get round to move the Boy scout ? sorry they have planted stones there instead . Ecclesiastes . 3 : 1-8. To ever thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven :

A MEDITATION OF LIFE'S JOURNEY

Now I can't walk the hills and fells and country lanes of my youth I can sit and think of the times gone by when I walked the hills with my friends and my dog snowy I can see the sun beating down and then setting behind that great old hill Pendle in Lancashire I can see and feel the rain running down my face I can feel the cold and snow under my feet as I walk down that old white country road I can remember all the friends I have made over the years when out walking all the places I have sat to eat my lunch or have a drink of tea and pass the time of day with a farm-hand or other people I can see all the seasons of the year pass me by spring , summer , autumn and winter and back to spring again I can see how things have changed in the countryside over the years of my youth to the sunset years of my life no one can take these things away from me only time and what is time just a man-made thing no one can take away the happy times of my life or the sad times but all these times are times of my life from the cradle to the grave and then time is no more on this earth I will start anew in heaven with our Lord Jesus and meet all my old friends who have come to this beautiful place before me and I can start to walk the hills and fells and byways of my Lords land where there is no illness or pain where the lame can walk and the blind can see where there is no greed no rich and no poor where we can sit and talk to our Lord of times gone by and what is to come ? .

Psalm 23 . The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want .

To Snowy my Westhighland White Terrier Dog and Christine's dog cindy .

THE MALE MENOPAUSE

The Scientists and Doctors have come up again with a good one The Male Menopause is it true or false ? well I am 40 going on 80 my pubic hair as all gone gray I rub on Olbas Oil and Vick Where I used to put on Aftershave I know when some men get over 40 they start feeling a little Queer but I cant remember the name of the little Queer they feel you start to feel your age when you are over 40 when a young person comes up to you and asks you the time and then says do you need help sir to cross the road and then you start to think do I need help where's all that energy gone I once had then you get on a bus and a young person gets up and give's you there seat then you Know you are getting old and at night you go to bed to sleep ? this must say something to you are you over the hill and well on the way down the other side they say they cant take away what you have had but when you cant remember what you had they cant take away you know you are getting old or is it all just The Male Menopause ?.

Psalms 71 . 15 v 16 . Forsake me not, O God in my old age when I am gray-headed.

MY MATE FRED OR FREDA

My mate Fred is a transvestite called Freda he is 16 stone of mussel and might all day he is out emptying dustbins but at night he takes up a strange delight he puts his dress on his make up and his tights and high heels on and of out round the bars and night clubs she he goes you would not no that Freda emptied dustbins when men talk to her they think she he would make them a good wife but Freda never tells them she is a fellow they soon find out when they walk her him home at night what a shock to there male ego what a shock the next day when they tell there mates that all the night before they was snogging it was not a woman it was my mate Fred or Freda if you like now to day Fred's out emptying dustbins do you know who's bin he has just been emptying in the cart yes the chap who was kissing him last night then Fred turned his head and winked at him and then had a dam good laugh.

THE SINGING TARMAC COWBOY

The Lancashire Tarmac cowboy our own Lancashire country gospel singing star he swopped his Tarmac barrow rake and shovel for a country gospel guitar he used to ride the range far and wide with the fastest Tarmac barrow in the north west he had a great big yellow Tarmac wagon with his name on the side MR . Tarmac with that Tarmac sorry golden voice and his idol Johny Cash our own MR. Tarmac is our Lancashire country gospel singing star sing long and flourish MR. Tarmac in Jesus' name you are the fastest gospel singing Tarmacer in the North West. Dedicated to MR

MUCKY MORECAMBE

Mucky Morecambe what a place the traffic lights change only once a week oh lonesome fishermen in Morecambe Bay fishing for shrimps day by day year in year out trade dyeing out tide upon tide the waves wash about you can walk from Morecambe to Grange over the bay but mind the quicksand if you try is that dog I see a Morecambe Bay Shrimp-Hound is there such a dog well you tell me I can smell the sea it stinks a lot or is it the sewerage-works I've forgot rotting seaweed on the shore dead Fish and Crabs line the shore old boats old nets the place in decay there is room for improvement in Morecambe today .
Isaiah 60 . Arise, shine; for your light has come.
Sod it I'm of to the Lake's

MY PRAYER MY LIFE

Lord if I could have walked another road would my life have been the same would I still have meet the same people who made my life hell as a child would I have been born not disabled if my mother had not taken them pills would my dad not have died when I was 12 years old and left me all alone would my mother have not gone to live with that bastard George who made my life hell how can one forget the pain that people have done to me I cannot forget I never will I just pray my Lord you help me to forgive .
Ecclesiastes 3 . 1-8. A time to love and a time to hate .

NELSON CLEANSING DEPARTMENT

The man in-charge The Director of Cleansing was a agreeable man he had a lad under him a

right pain in the bum he was two men worked in the office they where daggers drawn they hated each others guts then there where a man on the weighing scale the wagons for to weigh on there way to the tip there was a woman to clean the office and a disabled man to drew the tea a paper shed with three men in pressing paper and cardboard to and one of the men in the paper shed put dogs and cats to death in an old gas box thing and then by electrocution clips on the ears there were bin drivers and labours road sweepers too gully wagons and a gang of drainers to unblock your long-drop toilets there was mechanics to repair the wagons and vans a blacksmith who turned his hand to anything you needed repairing there was the store-man and the rat-catcher what a merry bunch working from 7-30am till 4-30pm 5 days a week there was call-out's for salting and gritting and unblocking drains to it was a happy sort of a family then before they got the time and study people in and fetched a bonus scheme in it used to be one for all and all for one that died away with the bonus scheme and the old council family spirt died to it was the same in all the other council departments as well .

Dedicated to the Cleansing Storeman Con

NELSON HIGHWAYS DEPARTMENT YARD

They had a shovel driver on the council years ago he suffered from bad piles so on a cushion he did sit to comfort his arsehole he used to come down Railway Street at a speed as fast as light and some days he forgot to lower his shovel and the railway bridge did hit and the dumper driver what a chap as slow as a snail he had no shelter on his back in sun and rain sleet and snow he drove that dumper truck he was so slow one day he met himself going when he should have been coming back, work that one out the council had a yard man if there was any work to be done he was never to be found but if you ever found him he was warming his backside and said he was busy doing paper work then there was a storeman that chap thought he new it all I don't no how he got though the storeroom door with a head that big clever little sod then there was a little fat chap in the yard he told people where to go and what to do he tried to boss me one day I told him I would push his head up his arse he left me alone after that everything ran like clockwork but the clock was always slow that's what life was like on the council years ago .

Dedicated to all the arseholer's on the Nelson Highways Dept and at the Surveyors Dept

PENDLE IN NOVEMBER 1996

In the year of our Lord on the 17th of November 1996 there was a golden sunset shinning over Pendle Hill reflecting on the windows of homes all around cold light lighting up the dark clouds there was golden mist like clouds over the far hills as dusk draws in over that great old hill Pendle wisps of white and dark cloud float across the sky as the sun sets over that great old Pendle Hill the sky now as turned to red as the dusk falls and the sun sets and the white and dark sky turns to red and then grey dusk the amber street lights flicker on to light people on there way the morning came on the 18th of November 1996 there was a hard frost over everything it remained frosty all day and on the morning of the 19th of November 1996 the first snow of the winter started to fall fast and deep the snow fell deep over the sleepy mill town of Nelson in the North west of Lancashire in England the snow making every thing that was dark and dirty look like pure white clean and fresh and new the years come and go to fast now for some yet Pendle Hill remains the same as it always as looking down on use all in good times and bad times.

Ezekiel 30 . 1 v 5 . The word of the Lord came to me prophesy and say, Thus says the Lord God.

A RIGHT LOAD OF CRAP

Lets all go up north to the mill shops they say you can get some bargains up there stuff's cheap up north and if we go to the mill shop we might get somert-for-nowt but us up north have seen em coming they roll up from down south in there posh cars they think they are getting a bargain but all they are buying is a right load of old crap it's a bit like the miscellaneous auctions you buy a 21ins TV in a box and when you get the box open you find the dam thing does not work then you try to get your money back to late they have done a runner its like putting brass down the grate and then you go to the car boot sale you think you have got something cheap all the stuff that they sell there come's from the rubbish tip or out of the rubbish skip down the street we are not daft up here we have seen you coming and it's us that lands up with all your cash then you drive of back down south, what a shock thinking you have got a bargain and all you have bought is the north's old crap we have made millions selling rubbish to you lot down south we might live in streets of stone house's but look what we have got in the bank . (Nowt) we have smoked and boozed it away .

OUR GREENGROCER DEREK

Our greengrocer Derek is a very nice chap you can get anything from his shop you only have to ask and you get it and sometimes you don't even have to ask he is there in is flat cap and apron and gloves with no fingers in he as two big tomatoes in his hands and a big thick cucumber to now what does this remind you of Mrs. he says oh yes ? by gone days you can get any sort of fruit and veg penny sweets frozen food fresh fish and you can get pints of milk to he sells tins of anything he sells them very cheap because they are all past there sell by date well look at Derek our greengrocer he's past his sell by date to out side his shop he stacks is fruit and veg and you can see the people walk past with there dogs they all stop to look what Derek as on sale while there dogs have a pee on the sacks he's open all hours Derek never shuts 7 days a week 52 weeks a year he's there you never need to go with out just ask and you will get it and don't forget sometimes you don't even have to ask.

Matthew 7 . 16 v 20 . Ye shall know them by their fruits.

OH LITTLE TOWN OF NELSON

Oh little town of Nelson how sweet we see thee sleep as down the A59 and M65 all the criminals creep they all carry a large sack they fill it with your valuables and quickly drive of back.

Oh little town of Nelson we can't see you no more the town is full of bag snachers pickpockets and muggers and not so long ago.

Oh little town of Nelson how sweet we see thee sleep only three old lady's mugged this week I wonder if there as been more.

Oh little town of Nelson the council tax payers are not worth much just 2000.0 each according to The Council Chiefs so if you get robbed or mugged you now know what they think you are worth.

Oh little town of Nelson the council don't think much of you they will not let Nelson council tax payers have C-C-T-V or video links to the police.

Oh little town of Nelson how many more people in the town are going to be robbed mugged or killed before we get more police on the streets C-C-T-V and video links and street wardens ?.

Oh little town of Nelson all the shops are closing down there's not much left in Nelson except muggers and criminals and killers to be found.

Dedicated to Wilfred Rayson Esquire a wronged man.

OLD ERNEST

I do fell sad for old Ernest that lads got to put up with some things because to all the new's readers old Ernest get's the blame for everything every day on the TV and Radio every day in all the worlds press's old Ernest get's the blame for everything I fell sad for the poor old lad I've just turned the radio on once again and those words came over the airwave's " It's happened in Earnest again" and when old Ernest pops his clogs you know pass's on to the Heavenly realms who will get all the blame then will it be Albert or Gilbert or Fred ?.

OUR LADY OF THE NIGHT

It was in the 60s I recall a strange house across the road from the old council yard I always worked on nights from November till March salting the roads when I was on nights I would see the bedroom light in the house change it was always changing from Red to White to Red ? the woman who lived there was a strange old thing she was in her 70s then but years ago when she was young she was A Lady of The Night but still in her 70s she still had one or two old men calling round now in her 70s she had gone a little, well you might say daft she used to put her make-up on,she used to look like a clown the house where she lived used to smell of old tom-cats she used to rent the house she rented it from a estate agent who would not do any repairs outside in the backyard was a old long-drop-toilet one day some old chap filled the long-drop with coal ? it was in the wakes weeks holidays they sent me across to try to clear it it was a waste of time I ended up digging it out I put her a new flush toilet in the landlord was mad he had to pay for it the miserable old get she made us a cup of tea the tea was in a brown chipped cup and the funny thing the tea smelt of tom cat pee we went out in the back street to drink the tea it went down the drain never mind it was all part of the job.

Genesis 3 . 12 v 17. And the Lord said to the serpent because thou has done this thou art cursed.

PLANT A STIFF PLANT A TREE

Eco friendly Burials could make Pendle in Lancashire a more green and pleasant place? a council cemeteries manager came up with the idea of marking graves with a tree instead of the usual headstone they say it will reduce pollution from Cremations and prevent land becoming sterilised and create more woodland the first tree's will be planted at Barrowford cemetery creating an existing beech wood ? I think they mean enlarging a beech wooded area but Pendle council never get things right they say green burials will appeal to people who love birds and wildlife ? and want to create a woodland for future generations ? what a load of rubbish plant a person plant a tree and the roots will feed on thee and what about cremations bonemeal is good for the land and it does not cause pollution so go to the crematorium get some ashes , bonemeal and watch your roses grow free bonemeal at your local crematorium get some today look at the birds up in the tree that little bird is shitting on me Eco friendly burials will go down great with the local wild life the pendle WC queers the shirtlifters they have spent all there life trying to get something up there bums and in death sheer bliss a bloody big tree root up there ares's , heaven to them Pendle will become the queer burial centre of England well it will attract the wildlife ? but I don't know what they will think of Pendle new idea to close all the public WC's they wont have anywhere to play with them self's any more .

Note, A Homo's underpants have a flyhole at the front and the back bum bum.

PENDLE HILL LANCASHIRE

That great body of Pendle Hill in Lancashire England stands there looking down on all the country side from times beyond memory with steams like tears, of running water running down your face to the moors and marsh lands below you stand with your feet in the local steams and rivers Pendle water, the Hodder and Ribble and Calder rivers flowing to the sea Pendle Hill with your arms out all around your great body you stand there keeping your eye on all the small villages Downham, Barley, and Sabden and many more Pendle Hill you wear many hats in one year hats of mist and snow and rain when your hat is off the sun might be out or the cold wind might be blowing your hair of grass and fern and heather you have stood there now for many a year watching time pass you by you have seen man and beast come and go you have seen good and evil times come and pass away like the wind people have written books about your life fact and fiction books of what they think has gone on in your past years but only you know the truth if you my old Pendle hill could only tell your own story what a tale that would be to hear what a story to listen to round the fire on a cold winters night but it's a story never to be told well not in this life time yours or mine.

Genesis. 49-26. The blessings of thy farther have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors unto the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills.

PERCY THE VAMPIRE

Once up on a time there was a vampire who lived in Marsden school in Nelson Lancashire the

vampire lived in The Clock Tower above Mr. Barkers office the vampires name is Percy because Marsden School is in Percy street that is how Percy Street got it's name at night the vampire Percy came out and made the caretaker and the cleaners do there work right if they did not do there work right Percy the vampire would bite there mops and buckets and dusters now Percy would chase all the teachers and children out of the school so the cleaners could do there work and not get under the cleaners feet at night now Percy has done this job for 100 years Percy the vampire goes into the play-ground at night to stop children playing football in the school yard at night when no one is there Percy the vampire bites there balls and pops them and if anyone goes on the roof at night Percy chase's them away and keeps Marsden School safe. Written for Paul when at Masden School

POOR OLD WILFRED

Poor old Wilfred one Christmas was left to starve by the Lancashire Country Council Social Services Department the home help's never came to clean or do the old lads shopping all Christmas he starve only stale bread old Wilf ate with Oxo's he made him self pobbies all the shops were all shut in tears was the old lad he even ate some cat-food to stay alive neglected by the people who should care ? the old lad even had a home help who was allergic to dust and then he had one who played with a cyber-pet all day and they call it care in the community what a joke they did not care if he lived or died that Christmas tide he's fallen down the stairs and layed there for hour she's been robbed mugged and assaulted in his own home the police don't care not in Nelson or Pendle Wilf live's in an area where no Whites are allowed well that what's written on the Civic Hall walls and the council don't give a toss as for the old and disabled in Nelson or Pendle it's all the same the police the council the social service think they don't exist they all turn a blind eye when they see a crime or a old person in need old Wilf fell outside the cop-shop and no one came to his help it most have been the police stations day off dedicated to Wilfred a wrong man but when he gets up to the Heavens golden gates ST. Peter said I new you were on your way up come in old lad I've just brewed some Oxo Pobbies up come in old lad and have a supp.

PLEASE OH NO NOT AGAIN

When you go out shopping or go to the super store or go for a trip to the country side or seashore you find you can never find a public w/c or toilet no matter how hard you look you always find someone wants to go when there is no bog for miles and miles or it's the children mum or dad I want to wee or poo mum dad it's coming what can I do ? so mum and dad look for a loo to late they have done it in there knickers or underpants and now you see the w c it's to late now, now it's the big clean up my god what a smell I fell sick never mind we all have done it our self's from time to time even it happens to mum and dad as well and when you get the diarrhoea though use of a laxative or a upset stomach or irritable bowels and you are sat on the old pot wishing you were dead oh and after with bum hole sore oh lord how it hurts with cream and suppositories you get you hands to work to cure your piles and sore bum keep it clean use the cream and don't forget the old suppositories oh yes wash you hands after finger up bum please and don't forget to scrub your fingernails thousands up on thousands of years ago so the bible says in the Songs of Solomon chapter five and verse four " My beloved put in his hand by the hole of my door and my bowels were moved for him ". I wonder if her bum got sore ?.

THE POEM THE BOROUGH OF ?

Our English Heritage is in decay our dry-stone walls are going that way local heritage is in decline the mills and old churches no more remain in our town its all the same take up the old stone flag pathways and now only black Tarmac remains the old town centre is now pulled down the old stone buildings have gone to ground Concrete blocks and red bricks stand there now all one way streets and mini round-a-bouts the old cinema is a car park now the corner shops are all shut down out of town shopping is the rage now ??? they say no cars or wagons can go in the town centre after 10 am till 4 pm what a joke ??? you dare not go in the town centre at night for thugs and gangs roam about the young people have no where to go at night but roam about both brown and white they don't mix our cultures are not the same oh what oh what oh what a shame our local parks are not fit any more to leave our children in alone the streets are unclean both front and back they are all the same black bin bags left out all night for dogs and cats to pull about the town council will not put up CCTV but in other towns the crimes cut down police no more walk our streets but all ride round with bums stuck to car seats man power they lack because of money cut backs our town as gone down the drain daft local government is to blame. Isaiah 9.6 v7. And the government shall be on his shoulder.

ENGLISH OR PAKISTANI OR WHAT ? I DON'T KNOW ?

We have had Pakistanis in our town now for over 30 years or more they still can't speak English I find it very queer ? they don't seem to want to do the dirty jobs like emptying dustbins they keep corner shops or drive taxis all day and all the night long there are a few very high class people indeed they have become doctors and other things some are very nice people I find I have made some very good friends but most of the Pakistanis around our town are third world emigrants they come from small villages no more than plane mud huts and streets of dirt these people think they can do what they want when they land over here but our English way of life is not like that our laws they are there for all to keep they seem to me they want to make England into a Pakistan or a Islamic State they get peoples backs up just the way they act the male Pakistanis walk round all day in things like pyjamas on and shoes with no socks on and bath towels on their heads the ladies wear long black robes with faces covered up in a white or black veil's they don't call themselves English oh no they say they are Pakistani so why do they live over here ? they don't want to speak English ? only Urdu why ? and they are always going home on trips to Pakistan they go for 6 months or more you would think home would be England not Pakistan I am told the first words they do learn is where is the D S S I find it all very strange some of them have more than one wife and children by both, don't you I ask myself a question who do they bat for England or Pakistan If we had a war who would they fight for or would they all sod off home to Pakistan ? Our Head of State is The Queen our religion Christian or whatever we can except other religions and traditions as well but not when they try to take over our own way of life and take away our English Heritage. (The King or Queen is the defender of the English Christian Faith).

Onward Christian soldiers marching as to war with the cross of Jesus going on before

THE BOX OF WAR AND RACIAL HATRED

They have opened the Box of War and racial hatred the box with the lid that should have stay shut terrorism is on the rise in the name of a God of love not of war and hate why ? there is neither Jew nor Greek or even Muslim or Christian there is neither slave nor free there is neither male or female for you are all one racial animosity and suspicion isolate people for God, Jesus said that with increased intensity in the day's just prior to His return nation will rise against nation there will be increased tension between different ethnic groups ethnic tension and hatred

seems on the rise almost everywhere you look God promises that He will send Jesus Christ as a King of Kings to this world to judge it righteously in that day the sinful racial and ethnic hatred that as been the source of so much of the worlds misery will finally be a thing of the past and the Box of War and racial hatred will be shut for evermore. Amen

THE QUEER CYCLING CLUB

When I was a lad in the 1950s my cycle was a big old fixed gear and then I got an old shop bike with a small wheel at the front and a great big wheel at the rear and a great big basket for putting goods in " remember Hovis bread" but now I am disabled , I cannot ride a cycle any more I cannot even teach my children to ride because of my disablement so I write poems I am a disabled dyslectic poet, This poem is a fun poem .

Now I know some people who are Queer Cyclists they are what we used to call Gay there is Pop it in peter and my mate Fred sorry Freda and a few more around our way they love to go out cycling after work in the evening or go for a good ride at the weekend on there cycles you silly things they love to ride in a long line with there tight shorts and big hairy legs pop it in peter and freda think they are in Queer Heaven with all them men cycling wagglng there bums in front of them they get quite excited cycling with all them men I even know some ladies who are that way inclined now they have come together and formed The Queer Cycling Club they sometimes all go out in a group so they just look like any other cycling club but in truth I can tell they are Queer the girls all ride together and the boys like to ride in a long line because they like see a waggly bum's in front of them now the ladies have invented a new saddle it vibrates when they sit on the seat they say it's shaped like a dildo but I don't know what one of them is now after the boys and girl's have had a good ride ? out on there cycles they all go back to there new club house it's next to the public toilets or it's better known as the hole in the wall to all of the people round here now I know why they call Queer men Shirtlifters because when they all go out cycling the wind blows there shirts out you see .

RAINBOWS IN MY MIND

A Rainbow as many colours and a road many paths of it as I sit here in my arm chair now my hair as gone to silvery grey I think back to the colourful times of my life and the roads and pathways of life I have been down some good roads and pathways and some bad we all have to walk them but some people stray of the roads and miss the pathways they take and never give they are greedy hateful and dishonest and it seems to get them all the riches of this world I

wonder if they ever think of the next life, life after death I think back to my childhood making mud pie's playing in the Gaster when the sun was hot in summer swimming in the rivers and canals , playing Tig, Hopscotch, Tin-in-the-ring when young thinking you are big having a smoke and being sick having your first drink of Beer yes and being sick going to work for the first time at 14 years of age full time work my first wage 426 pence for six days work 730 am till 6-30 pm and now how medical science pills and Doctors and work have made my body a fine state of imperfection I dare say there are some parts of my life I would like to change but one can't put the clock back no matter how one might try as the song says I am just a country boy money have I none but I've got silver in the stars and gold in the morning sun
Genesis 9 v 13. I do set my rainbow in the cloud and it shall be for a token of a covenant between Me (God) and the earth.

YOUNG RANDOLFE

Who is a wise man and who is a fool who is sane and who is insane who knows they say there is a fine line between being brilliant or madness and insane but once in our hamlet when a double-decker bus got stuck under the railway bridge no one not even the experts new how to get the bus from under the tunnel of love the local village fool came up with the answer let the air out of the tyres and drive the bus out so who is a wise man and who is a the fool who's to say not me not you our Randolfe with his long black rain coat and his policeman's helmet with the blue flashing light on the top in the town centre he stands in the middle of the road as happy as he ever could be directing the traffic in the 1950s daft Randolfe the son of the woman who was insane now young Randolfe where ever you are may God grant you peace and tranquillity .

RATS RATS AND MORE RATS

What is a Rat a small rodent rats are strange things I have seen them at dawn and dusk on the move thousands of them moving from one area of a town to another area and they seem to have a leader the King Rat well that's my name for it and this rat is bloody big and I mean big it's like a dog when I was on the council down the drains and sewers I only ever so one rat it's coat was as black as coal mind you I once went to the tip one night the tip was moving or so it seemed in the wagon head lights there were so many rats on the tip you could not count them that's when councils tipped all there rubbish on the tip bins, food,reports,dead dogs and cats even dead farm animals the lot there was no incineration plant every area should have a incineration plant in this day and age I agree with the land fill tax . Isaiah 34 . 13 v 15. There shall the vultures also be gathered.

Swindon and Waidshouse Road tips Nelson what's rotting down there do you know ? I do

RACING IN THE NUDE I'M FREE

In the 1800s and 1900s men used to run naked over the moors of Lancashire on Whitworth moor near Manchester it is said the racing of naked men took place my mate's pop it in Peter and Fred sorry Fred'a would have a great time it is said a large group of men ran naked seven miles over Whitworth moor there was a large group of spectators men women and children and they did not think it was out of the ordinary or strange mind you the first Olympics all the people ran nude in many parts of Lancashire nude racing took place notwithstanding the vigilance of the Lancashire country police and local police I could just see the police running after them with there truncheons out we all know they are a load of queers you can see them at the hole in the walls or I should say the public WC's mind you you could even sell your wife in Lancashire at one time the lower class's in Lancashire thought it purely legal transaction if there wife was taken to a place of sale with a halter around her neck and the buyer was given a written receipt by the husband for the money paid it all happens in good old Lancashire I'm free .

THE PREACHER REVERENT BOB

I know a local preacher he lived down our street and when he was not preaching he was wondering the streets with his Beterware Catalogue knocking on your doors do you need a new brush Mrs. or some toilet cleaning stuff or what ? now Preacher Bob's moved down south he's still a preacher man but at night out he goes ? when you get a knock on your door he's stood there with your take-a-way of sweet and sour pork you pay preacher Bob and of he goes after a blessing for his tip Father, Son and Holy Ghost there goes Preacher Reverent Bob have preacher will travel is The Reverent Bob's motto.

Dedicated to Rev Robert Shaw (Bob).

RHUBARB AND CUSTARD

Do you remember the old horse and cart the tradesmen applying there trades about the place there were milk carts beer carts called drays and many more trades carts about the place the old rag and bone cart yes I remember it well for your rags you might get a goldfish or a yellow stone or white stone for your door steps there were people with allotments roaming all-over the place looking for horse manure shit I asked them what they used the manure for they told me they put it on there rhubarb I told them I put custard on mine well I was only six years old I did not know they used the dam stuff for manure to make the rhubarb grow.

Matthew 6:26v31. consider the lilies of the fields how the grow they toil not nether do they spin. So why does man work so hard money greed envy ? let God take care of your needs .

SEX EDUCATION

Sex Education start in primary school when the boys and girls are 9 or 10 when they notice there voices changing and on there little body's they start to sprout hair the school nurse or a sex education teacher if there is such a thing they show them a video telling them the facts of life ? they tell them how to make baby's and a lot more I expect so when they get into trouble in there early teens they blame the children when it's them and the state who's told them what to do I find it strange the county council formed a team to draw up a plan for sex education and one of the teachers on that team was an old virgin past her sell by date what the hell could she say about sex education ? .

A Maidens Prayer, Oh Lord Send Me a Man and if he die's send me another

SHE

She walks thought the streets with two carrier bags in her hands full of what I don't know to this day she talks to her self as she journeys along with her Wellington boots and long black raincoat on and her old scarf on her head on a midsummer's day she walks her life away or sits on a seat anywhere any place she talks to her self and the children look and mock some adults are just as bad she looks like she's never seen a bar of soap in years or even had a wash her hair hangs down her back long and a greasy mess and she smells of B/O and urine what a state for anyone to be in , in the new millennium she walked though the streets for years, part of our local heritage sad to say now she's gone, I don't no wear, I don't no when, I don't no how she could have been put in a home or the mad house who knows, who cares, do you, do I, we should but we never make time to care she might have crossed the road to the heavenly gates where The Lord waits for all the poor people like her I don't know her name, or where she came from, or where she went at night we just so her everyday on the town, and round about the place but now she's not there, I cannot remember when she went, sad to say we should care more for people like her not just let them pass us down the street, or left to sit on that seat with there minds locked away in a far distant place in the mist of time and space. R/I/P

STANLEY THE GAS METER MAN

It was on a week day morning The Gas Meter Inspector came to call he walked the roads streets and pathways of a quiet old mill town the town was Nelson on the Lancashire and Yorkshire border he met many people from council house tenants to The Country Halls nearly all the people of Nelson was friendly and ask you to have a brew of tea it was in the early 1950s to the 1970s he walked the hills and dales and country pathways of a small friendly town come village on the borders to the Yorkshire Dales he has been in all the shops and mills and factory's and schools and churches to he new the town better than most people that you might know the people came to no him as around the town he went a smile a nod he past the time of day with many a friendly person of that small town mill town of Nelson in Lancashire .
Psalms 55 v 14 . We used to hold sweet converse together within God's house we walked in fellowship.

In Memory of MR. Stanley Anderton Gas Meter Inspector / Supervisor
who died on the 12th of July 1977 aged 53 Rest in peace.

ST. MARYS CHURCH NELSON

Look at the church where are all the people the church is closed down ready to be pulled down the church steeple stands still proud above the town but the weather vain as fallen off stolen like

the lead off the roof stained glass windows all broken with stone's graffiti written on the walls it was a holy place where they worshipped God the church still stands there for how long we don't know will it be like the ancient temples of time's long past our religion will it fade away like there's of long ago the church now stands there it's glory gone ready for demolition like many more it's up to you Oh Christian where has your faith gone on Fags or Bozz or Drugs or The Lottery oh Lord what is to come of it all only you know ? .

WHAT A WAY TO DIE DO YOU CARE

Would you eat meat or fish if you new how it was killed ? have you ever thought how it die's ever yes or no it is not pleasant which ever way it is did it have it's throat cut and left to bleed to death or did it get 2000 volts and then it's throat cut and left to die or did it get 2000 volts and then shot in the head did that fowl get strung up by the legs then have it's throat cut and left to die or did it have it's head cut off and left in the dust as dead or did that person put there hands around it's throat and twist and break it's neck and what about that fish , how was the catch was that fish catch, by hook and line then hit on the head with a stick or was the catch from a big boat lifted out of the sea then left on the deck to suffocate do we ever think just how our food is killed and do we care or not do we ever ask the butcher , or the people who run the cafe do we ask the owner of the take-a-way just how there fish and meat is killed ? you see most of the take-a way are run by people from other country's Jew's an Muslims kill there meat by cutting it's throat and the Christians stun there cattle first nether is a pleasant way no wonder people become vegetarians.

Psalms 104 .14 v 18 . He bringeth forth grass for the cattle and green herb for the service of man.

TIME AND A TERD

Where would you be today without people like me ? who work or worked for the for the council night and day we laid your sewers we laid your house drains we cleared them when blocked with your waist just think what your environment would be like with out people like me dirty and smelly with rats in the street illness and death all around can you remember the old long-drop toilet at the bottom of the garden or yard where your washing up water and bath water flushed your waist away but think of the water you waist now when you flush every time you go for a ? and the old night soil pits we emptied by hand and put on your soil or rose beds smell the rose flowers in the summer when the bee's are buzzing about what a fine smell now your sewerage flows on it's way to where do you know ? down to your local sewerage works where it's treated and put on the land to make your crops and food grow it's a never ending story as round and round it goes the pay on the council was but a pittance the pay packet was small we said we was paid time and a terd just a joke you no the men on my town council you should pay tribute to there name's Milton , Bob , Walter , And Ben and lets not forget me Donald. Dedicate d to the devoted drainers of Nelson Council Lancashire

BLACK TARMAC BLACK TARMAC

Black Tarmac Black Tarmac it stretches for miles for millions and millions and millions of miles we open our doors and the first thing we see it's a black Tarmac path or road in front of us we see Footpaths and Roads Car parks to, Airport runways its the first and the last thing you will always see it's a mixture of Tar, Bitumen and crushed stone it's layed by council workmen all over the world and lets not forget McAlpine's Fusiliers the Motorways they have layed have been with us for years it's taken over from paving stones and stone flags because it's cheep you don't need tradesmen to lay it any fool can do it it's a formless void of black Tarmac on Tarmac they layed it thick over the old paving stones in the 1950s we remember it well it's not that long ago and in the 1960s and 70s the stone flags went to the Flaggers and Pavers where put out of a job flags sold off by the councils by the wagon load full Our Northern Stone Flags went down South to the gardening jet set and some went abroad to The U.S. of A and what have we left for our Northern Children's Heritage but miles of that there Black Tarmac Stuff in the late 1960s and early 1970s Nelson was raped of it's stone flags by the old Nelson Council and it's councillors and town hall staff .

THE BLOOD-DRINK SHOP

On my way home from school or on a Saturday I used to call at a small shop in Nelson by the nick name of black-jacks it was a queer little place in Stanley street at the top near to Manchester road the shop was kept by a man yes his nick name to us was black-jack why he was called that I never found out ? but he sold the beet drinks in the area or even the world a blood-drink cost you a few old pence but you could have other drinks hot or cold it was up to you but something strange went on in that shop it took me many years to find out just what went on in black-jacks men used to come in and did not say a thing but they all went out with a brown paper bag in their hands this went on for many years till I found out what was going on it was one of the only shops in Nelson that sold Durex condoms but today you can buy them anywhere they even have them for sale in public WC's from a machine on the wall but sad to say the shop is no more like many more things in Nelson memory's of a childhood long gone you can get whiskey flavoured condoms now who wants a short ?

THE BIG FAT WOMAN LIVE'S

There's a big fat woman live's down our street the biggest woman you'll ever meet when she bent down the sun went into eclipse she must be thirty stone's or more she has a job to get though the front door she needs a mirror to see her feet I would not like to see her on the W-C she can't take a bath she does not fit in so it's a hose down in the back yard ? the fire brigade came to do the job flashing blue lights and all that stuff as she stood there in her birthday suit I made a fortune selling tickets for a seat at the front from dirty old men around and about came out to see the remarkable event .

THE BIRTH PLACE OF POETS

Lancashire is the birth place of poets of rhyme verse and wit you can go all around the world but you wont find a better place where a neighbour is a neighbour and a friend is a friend they don't care if you are rich or poor they will ask you in for a brew of tea and a sit by the fireplace that's what Lancashire people are all about why you ask because Lancashire is that sort of place well I most tell you the truth that's what it was like in the 1950s when I was young now it's each for is own Greed robbery , mugging , outrage it's just like any other place now .

2 Timothy 3. But understand this that in the last day's there will come time's of stress for men will be lovers of self.

THE BOAT THAT NEVER WAS

I so a boat a sailing it was a pretty sight the barge sailed from Leeds to Liverpool all on a moon lit night the canal barge was a flat bottomed vessel for carrying of freight the sailers where all jolly jacktars with sailer suits and hats they looked so neat and smart there where two great horses to pull the barge and the sailers where all big black rats and mice on the rigging ran doing the small tasks there was an old crow in the crows nest looking from side to side it was a sight to see a barge so large and bright sailing down the Leeds And Liverpool canal on that moon lit night there where all weaving mills on ether side of the canal the pay in the mills was very low and the work very hard then you had the canal workmen keeping the canal in good repair the wash from the canal barge came over the canal bank and washed away the fishermen sitting on the canal bank the fishermen caught no fish but they never did because they never put any bate on there hooks and when the boat went through the dark tunnels the mice lay on there backs up went there feet on the tunnel roof and they walked the boat though as the horses were led around now the police dog was called out on this night but it could not get there because it's van and all the police cars all had flat tyres on that night the fire brigade came and in a fine state they where as they tried to pump the water back into the Leeds and Liverpool canal but the boat got through the morning came you would not have known a thing but for a little water on the canal bank you see.

Psalms 23 . 1 v 2 He leadeth me beside the still waters.

In Memory of old Syd the the Leeds and Liverpool canal man

THE COUNCIL NAVVY

Twilight that soft dim light is just falling I can hear the church bells ringing across the town the street lights are slowly turning on like amber translucent jewellery all around I stand here looking down from the fell side with drizzle soft rain running down my face now its time to wend my weary way home to my fire side with logs burning to keep me warm were tea waits

after a hard days work clearing out the hedgerow's and dyke's and dry stone walling and repairing the roads all day then after tea when clean and warm off to the inn for two pints of old ale and a game of dominos or cards and then its of home for supper and bed till next morning when I awake and make my way back up the fell side to start a days work once again thinking about the week end two days rest till 7 30am Monday morning when it all starts once again. Memory's of Coldwell and the top roads at Nelson

THE EVE THE WIND BLEW

Twas the night before Christmas in the year of our Lord 1997 AD. on that Wednesday night there was fear as the wind started to blow it blew down trees and roofs blew away the electric went off in some parts it was off for days it was one of the hardest Christmas Eve the Emergency services had worked for years the police blocked off roads in the panic when the trees started to fall down the wind howled for hours on end as the windows shook in their frames twas a night to remember a night some people want forget .

THE FREE COUNCIL FUNERAL PLAN

I'm an old council worker and council taxpayer so I can't afford a funeral plan and neither can you So the lads on the council came up with this plan When we die black bin-bags will be our coffins No Hurst's for me or for you Transport to your final resting place by council bin wagon with the household refuse no graveyard no crematorium no pomp and fuss it's the council rubbish tip for us it's the council workers free funeral plan join now the council will bury you for nowt the council will do the job for free when they collect your rubbish they will collect your died body's for nowt then off to the tip why not do you care where ever your buried in time you will be forgot rest in peace wherever your final resting place is mine will be the old council tip .

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE FLY

The fly an indestructible insect from time's beyond recall no matter where you go the fly's been there before and the fly is always there waiting for you the dam fly is indestructible drop a atom bomb or poison gas everything's dead man and beast but the indestructible fly is there as before they say a pile of crap as a thousand eye's does this pile of crap give the fly an indestructible life it's one of the great puzzles of life they say there are seven wonders of this world I don't know just what the seven wonders are but I bet one of them is the indestructible fly . Ecclesiastes 10 v 1, As flies give perfume a bad smell so a little folly outweighs wisdom and honour .

OLD TIGHT ARSE TITUS

I worked with a chap many years ago he was as tight as a ducks bum and that's water tight everyone said why as Titus a big nose, we said " because fresh air is free ", he worked his way up everywhere he worked by creeping and arseholing his way though life,he made so many people he worked with unhappy he made there life a living hell sad to say he was so tight that if you had something he wanted he wanted it giving yet if you wanted something of Old Titus he wanted money for it " Old Tight Arse", he thought everyone liked him," but no one I no did", even in death he did not part with his money he did not have his funeral service in a church or chapel the tight old get had his funeral service", guess where", in his old garage out back?, then he was taken for cremation at the local crem I bet after his cremation old Titus had his ash's taken back to his home and put on his old rose's yes at the back of his garage in his garden well it would save his wife buying bone-meal next year well I know God is forgiving, Old Titus never was, he made a lot of peoples life hell , rest in peace Old Titus if you can , but now at heavens gates Old Titus stands he thinks he will get in for free I hope St. Peter charges him an entrance fee or he might even send him down below he might fell more at home with Old Nick , Old Titus wanted to nick our stuff for nowt a poem dedicated to someone you might know if you worked for Nelson or Pendle Council ? it's not to late for you to change your ways unlike Old Titus it's to late for him now he's dead the tight old get, R-I-P my old workmate if you can.

THE JOLLY MORRIS MEN

We are the jolly Morris' men we dance throughout your land wearing our bright costumes with bells and ribbing's on we wear clogs on our smelly feet as we dance the old English country folk dances of the past Morris' dancing traditionally performed by men a dance representing an old folk tale of many years gone by it's historical and traditional and a colourful display a great presentation of times gone by the dance goes back to pagan time's men with sticks and handkerchiefs in there hands and some wearing a horse's head why I just don't know now what's it all about it's really a bit rude the dance is a pagan sexual religious ritual act the sticks represent the male organ ? the handkerchief the female organ ? but when seen today you think it's just a few men acting daft having a bit of fun and why not a dance performed at a fate or show just to make you laugh I hope you've enjoyed the show .

THE MARKET DANCE

The bow and fiddle ring out across the town on the ale house forecourt the Morris' men do dance the sound of irons on the clogs ring out loud the noise of banning sticks as the dance goes on Morris' men with bells and songs sound gayly in the old market town The Morris' men dance with faces black some old tradition from times long past the joy the fun a happy sound ring out across the market town as crowds of people gather around to glance the ritual Morris' men then the dancing is all over pints of old ale are handed around to wet the throat's of the men who have made that joyful sound this all on a summers day when the sun is in decline a sight for you to remember that will last you all your life memory's of days gone by the autumn tints are close at hand summer time is nearly over in this delightful fairy land of Lancashire in England.

THE NELSON CINEMA MEMORIAL

We had eight or more cinema's in our town of Nelson in Lancashire and now not one remains sad to say there was the Tin Hut in Railway street long ago pulled down The Tivoly, The Palace, The Queens and The Grand and lets not forget The Majestic and The Alhambra there could have been more I can't remember them all no need to book in advance we had no phones to do so and no licensed bars in them day's of long long ago, three or four performances a day you could have a soft drink or a ice cream or lolly-pop and on Saturdays the children's performance took place it only cost three old pence for children to watch the picture show if you got in early you could watch it three or four times or more no one ever threw you out time just stood still for hours on end and if you sat in the balcony you could drop stink bombs and itching powder on the boys and girls below great fun to us all and when they came out they all thought they was Zoro of Flash Gordon or what ever the hero was and now sad to say the cinemas no more just memory's now of what once was and sad to say is no more .

THE NATIONS FAVOURITE POEMS

The nations favourite poems have been written on the walls poems of the promised lands erotic tales nothing but the truth poems of love in ancient times where Elvis is this week the demon headmaster you've been framed the weather for the week poems of the natural world mysteries of the past I am the number one fan of poems written on the wall the poems can vanish very fast but are replaced just as quick a poet is born every day if you no where to look with black felt tip in there hands they are the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of the poetry world you might think the poems fantastic real adventures of your life, the poet is a Gladiator with a pen or like me a word processor you don't need to go to collage or university use your immeasurable and limitless mind be the poetry correspondent for your town feel free to write your poetry in that small space left for you we all have to start some where why not upon that wall.

1 John 1 v 4 And these things write we unto you that your joy may be full.

40 GOING ON 90

I am the oldest and the boldest swinging poet in town and I now rub on Vick not aftershave .

I am the oldest and the boldest swinging poet in town the hair on my heads all gone now I don't need a barber anymore think of the money I save.

I am the oldest and the boldest swinging poet in town the hair on my heads all fallen out and my pubic hairs have all gone gray .

I am the oldest and the boldest swinging poet in town I've Arthritic pain in every joint I thing I'll get drunk today and every other day to take my pain away.

I am the oldest and the boldest swinging poet in town my urge for sex as gone far away faded into the sunset like I'll do someday.

I am the oldest and the boldest swinging poet in town my dancing days have flown away it takes me all night to do what I used to do all night and all day.

I am the oldest and the boldest swinging poet in town you should stand up and give me your bus seat

but you are all young and don't want to understand it I'll come to you some day.

I am the oldest and the boldest swinging poet in town I am 40 going on 90 I think it's downhill all the way I am sad, no I am glad to say.

I am the oldest and the boldest swinging poet in town I am now Heavenly bound I am glad to say.

I am the oldest and the boldest swinging poet in Heaven I hope Gods got a new body for me with some hair on the head this time. Amen .

THE OUTDOOR LIFE IS NOT GREAT IT KILLS

It's your first day on the council you are but a youth just left school with your cards and P45 in your hand you get awarded your first qualification they called it a J-C-B one (a shovel) you can then take your pick if you want and let's not forget the order of the bar (iron bar) and you push them along in a Irishman's taxi you know that old wheelbarrow in time you might learn to drive a dumper when you turn the steering wheel right you go left ? then you can work your way up to a tractor and the road roller a wagon or a van over the years you could work your way up to be a foreman a ganger a person in charge of men and if you do allot of arse holing up the town hall with the councillors you might get a white collar job A Highways Superintendent or a trench inspector now you have nearly reached the top I got there one day to be a Instructor / supervisor on the Y-T-S the way down is a fast one it's called early retirement due to ill-health just like the rest of the lads you see you see council work makes you bent with Arthritis and the graft make's your heart pack up there's not many old council workmen ever reach 65 so now is your first day in Heaven you stand there at the pearly gate's with your cards in your hand and your P45 you start on the heavenly highways .

THE OLD STONE MASON

I was a Stone-mason I worked in stone-masonry all my life I can carve you a statue of anything person or thing you like even your mothering law don't say no I could carve you a gargoyle with a grotesque face with it's mouth open wide with water poring out I could make it look just like you or your brother or sister or even your aunt or uncle or even mum or dad I have craved the cross's in the church yards

The names on the grave stone's to I carved the stone to build the churches and steeples the saints carved on the walls the stone flags and the pavements you walk down with my hammer's and chisels I carved away I built the vaults for your final resting place so you have got to the end of your road rest in peace my friend but I must still go on working and stone carving and building to it may be a stone trough for animals to drink from a stone stile for the farmer to cross his walls or even the dry-stone wall it self a garden wall or a shelter from the rain a home where people live and breath will someone think of me one hundred years from now ? I have carved my own grave stone my name and date of birth and I've carved a saying on that stone it says these sweet words ,

"As you are now once was I as I am now so you will be"

So when I die lay me my box face down with bum up high so all you stuck up people can kiss my arse

as you pass me by I have waited a lifetime to say that In a church in Kingsbridge Devon it reads. Here lie I by the chancel door, Here I lie because I'm Poor, the further in the more you'll pay, here lie I as warm as they.

TRADES LOST IN THE PAST

It's very sad to say that many trades have faded away trades lost in the past gone never to return because of what modern technology yes and the application of mechanical skills and don't forget the sciences and computers knowledge way past our times but what's to come I don't know ? many years ago when I was young you could get a job sweeping up or brewing the tea for the lads and lasses and then in time you would work your way up but not today it's sad to say we left school at 14 years of age on a Friday and on Monday we had to start work my first wage was £42s6p before tax and stamp was taken out but today they have gone over board they stop at school till 16 years or more but some people can't get G-C-S-E's and that sort of stuff but they can work with their hands like me they have gone over board with education today that's why people cannot get work they have created a state of too many chiefs and not any Indians to do the manual work when they leave school today they all want to start at the top bring back the days of the brush and mop and work your way up and learn a trade start at the bottom that's the way. Exodus 20 . 2 v 17. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work.

THE TRUCK STOP 2000

They used to call them Truck Stops Joe's or the Greasy Fork the truckers heaven who know's the place for a wash and brush up and to pass the time away the place for a big greasy fry up egg's bacon beans and ? a place to park, a place to sleep, a place for all their needs a place that's dyeing out now unfortunately to say now you get the motorway service stations The Little this or Beef that with fry's and all that stuff The Beefburger and chip joint or a posh place for a full 4 course but give me The Old Greasy Fork and the old caravan at the side of the road The Bacon Butty stop where you get a pint of tea or coffee not something in a cup the trucker's drive in old blue overalls not pin stripe suits and the mobile phone yuppie's the trucker on the old C/B trying to find his route 10/43 Traffic hold up or 10/55 Drunk Driver 10/36 what's the time and there's more 10/73s and 10/88s love and kisses to you all so 10/10 till we do it again I'm down and clear and out of here hand in my pocket and off like a rocket down the old A1.

THE SCHOOL GOVERNOR

The poor old school governor the person who gives all that time free there are about 16 school governors on a board but only about 4 or 5 care and do the work the rest just don't care a bit Its just a social status symbol to some 75 percent of L.E.A. governors are a waste of time the teacher governors try but fail because of the conflict with staff and others the head teacher has a right to be a governor the head teacher can't win at all any conflict any complaint the head teacher always takes the fire it is hard for teachers to keep up with new skills when there is no money for training no money for children's books some date back to 1960 in fact schools need more cash after over 17 years of Tories who say they care what will the year 2000 bring us will

the schools and the N.H.S. go down the drain so what's to come the future look bleak your school's just fallen into bits and when an old school governor looks back at the hours of free time he or she has put in will they think it's been a waste of time spent after all no-one gives them any thanks but a good school governor plods on till then he or she becomes old or ill and gives up no one ever says "Thank you, you cared" but you still may have time but it's too late for some they are now in the grave God bless them but at that old governor's rest home just over the hill you still have time to say one "Thank you".

Dedicated to Marsden C. P. School Nelson Lancashire and my children who went there.
Rebekah . Hannah . Rachel and Paul Donald Jay .

THE SPORT OF SHOP LIFTING

I no about a sport its played all over the world its one of the oldest sports played so I am told the sport is called Shop Lifting , its goes on in ever village town and city through out the world the people must be strong to do this sport to lift a shop is no joke you must have to have strong arms be agile quick and dexterous to its like a game of hide and seek because after you have lifted the shop people have to come and look for you shop assistants shoppers and the police to join in the fun run why don't you its like some pagan sport from times long past I don't under stand the sport at all I have never read the rules I have never seen it in the sporting times I wonder just what the rules are and how the game is played is this sport in the Olympic games if not please tell me why the game seems fun and you get some lovely prizes as long as you don't let any one catch you up you seem to have won the game its just like any other sport but the best of all to me there is no age limit to this game any one can take part any one at all even you. It's a keen sport in Pendle Lancashire

THE SUPER-STORE

Look when you go into your local super-store at the jolly green giant stood at the door he looks like he's anyone's for a bunch of grapes I wonder if he's a little queer ? with his little walky talky he stands there all day smiling at people he's funny that way lets go to the fruit and veg look at he girls in green they all look like the are cucumber queens she's filling the shelf's with all kinds of things they say she's a right passion fruity run lads run then up to the top you have fish and meat the butcher is there stuffing a sheep with paxo you silly lad then we have the cooked meats I asked for a quarter of tongue the lady said they had run out but she would give me plenty of lip so I ran out of there and now down to the beer and wine's to much of that stuff will make you fell queer and up with the brewers droop then it's down to the hair stuff and the lady's what not's oh look I can see some fruit flavoured condoms I wonder what they are for ? and then it's down to the bread and cakes I asked the lady for a cream horn she gave me a funny look oh look the CD's and videos and that lottery thing look at the scratch cards no one ever wins then the cat and dog food I think Ill have a curry this week the super store sells cloths and ever jock straps I will have to get a little one for our Syd then it's of to the check out's with your baskets all full to the top I wonder if the heck out people look what you buy and on my way out I went to the men's WC's every time I go in there's a woman cleaning up ? the service at the supper-store is very good .

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS TO THE POET OR SONG WRITER

- 1.- Take no notice of others who try to tell you how to write your own poetry or songs.
- 2.- Write from your heart not your head.
- 3.- Look listen and learn from all of your life's experiences bad and good.
- 4.- Never be put of by others who think they know more than you, thy no nowt.
- 5.- Fell what you write form your soul.
- 6.- Never go on a study course learn from your own life's journey.
- 7.- Look, Learn, Listen and write in your own words not how others think you should write.
- 8.- Keep a record some how of what you learn from your life never forget use any means you like to remember things pen and paper, record or what ever suits you.
- 9.- Let your mind rest from time to time this gives you time to reflect on things never mind if it's a day or a week or whatever there is no rush your life is your own to do with as you wish.
- 10.- Pray and trust in God, let Him lead you in all things put God first, but if you do not believe in a God I pity you, you have to have a believe in something why not God.

TAKE THE TABLETS MY LAD

I have been given some tablets by the doctor today I hope will start to feel well ? the packet says please read the instructions carefully before starting to take the tablets what your tablets do it says the tablets could give me hallucinations and enlargements of the breasts in men it looks like I'll need a female wig and one of them things for removing hair from my legs by the roots and then a thing to remove facial hair from my upper lip cheeks and chin and then a cosmetic box and a manicure and polishing set and some of that aromatherapy oil they say it's the answer to the pressures of modern day life and not forgetting some perfume from France them nip round to Everhard's for one of his dress's and a handbag and some shoes to match some black fish net tights and a 55 DD bra suspenders and a girdle and body corselette and a pair of them new comfort fit briefs and then get all done up for the night change my name from Donald to Donna I think I've got hallucinations or am I becoming a transvestite like Everhard oh blow it I think I will stop as I am a chap and flush all the tablets down the bog.

THE UNSOPHISTICATED RUSTIC COUNTRY BUMPKIN

You all like a poem flowery and nice of tree's and animals and the beautiful countryside but lets tell the truth about all of these things and the people who keep all of this for you well maintained. The farm labour and the council workmen the true people who really care who spend a lifetime out in the open air. You could call call us unsophisticated rustic country bumpkin if you want, you could call me a country yokel if you wish a poor old council workman who left school at the age of fourteen. I have no education no A levels or O levels or G-C-S-Es. The only level I have is a spirit-level. You see I have dyslexia that's why they said I was educationly thick, in the 1950s they did not know what dyslexia was but I can turn my hand to many things a jack of all trades and a master trade's man served my time in the old traditional way. I started from the bottom and worked my way up dry-stone-walling to draining flagging to paving fencing or planting tree's hedging and dyking and many more jobs I can do. I see the beauty of all the seasons sun rain sleet and snow the winds that blow, where do they come from and where do they go. Now the old country tradesmen, there trades are long gone. The farmers and landowners don't want to pay the going wage rate well why should they when they can get

the conservation volunteers at holidays and weekends to do the work for nowt ? I call conservation volunteers rural craft vampires because they are drinking our blood taking away our living. The so called middle classes taking our trade our bread and butter away a weekend or holiday hobby to them. They call us country bumpkins do the city and town people sad to say. So let's say a prayer for all the outdoor country workers and thank God for their dedication to their trades now in decline.

THE VOTE WHO CARES NOT ME

They have given me a postal vote why I don't care any more who wins they are all a load of lying gets no matter who's party there in their favourite past time in parliament is adultery, bigamy, and homosexuality if you pass this test you are sure of a seat in the House of Lords the only people not allowed a vote is the homeless or no fixed abode criminals in prison The Menterly ill, and members of The House of Lords, and The Queen I think it's wrong if you are a M P and you commit a sin

You end up in the House of Lords this Honour should not be for you yes they should be put in a house try the local WC they should all be happy there with the shirtlifters and queers and dildo queens

and vote for this lot, No not Me I am going to vote for the Raving Loony Party or I might go Green.

If you live in the U.S.A if you are a sex mad idiot they make you President

W&C AND THE QUEER ENGLISH

The Americans can't speak the Queens English I'll show you just what I mean a bum to them is a tramp to use English a bum is your arse in your pants or dress then the Americans have a song alleluia I'm a bum ? and a song called bumming about ? " queer " now us English like to keep our peckers up

now to the Americans a pecker is a dick ? the Americans have a saying eat my shorts ? to the Americans shorts are underpants that makes me feel sick so is it not grand to be English even if we speak in a local accent like Lancastrian now the Americans want us to speak the Queens English now poor old Wallace and Gromit can't speak the Lancastrian accent any more because the bloody Americans can't understand it well I can't understand or stand the bloody Americans complaints have even gone to Parliament and to The House of Lords why should Wallace and Gromit have to speak The Queens English their's nowt wrong wit way wi speak up't North .

The Jap's Can't understand Lancastrian either

WHAT A MAN'S GOT TO DO

What a chap's got to do in the name of love to please his better half ? to go to the shop's and supermarkets and look like he's enjoying him self ? the worst shop a lad's got to go into to please she who must be obeyed is the lady's dress shop a place of sheer hell to a chap the poor lad's got to stand there and look like he's enjoying the experience while big fat woman try to get into dress's, pant's and jumpers that don't fit big bums sticking out of the dressing room and big bust's flopping about a size 24 trying her best to get her body into a size 12 ?? and then the chap's got to say things that's not true oh you do look sweet in that ? why can't a woman grow old with grace and let the flab hang out and not try to iron out the wrinkles on her face and dye the silver hair on her head and the the silver goes to gray you never hear us lad's lament when our

belly's hang over our pant's and our hair's fallen out and where bold so just give a thought and a prayer for us lad's Amen next time you see a chap out with his better half trailing about the shop's what a mans got to do in the name of love goes above and beyond the call of duty and praise every man deserves a medal for what he's done in the name of love and trail round the shops for hours with a sad smile on his face .

MONDAYS WASHING DAY

On Mondays we used to start with buckets of water filling the copper boiler up light the gas and leave the copper boiler to boil the water then bucket the boiling water out into the dolly-tub and with the poser we would poss the cloths with water and soap we would get to work cleaning the cloths or we would use the slop-stone, you call it a sink today a slop-stone was a sink chiselled out of stone with a wash board in the slop-stone we would scrub the cloths clean we also soaked the cloths in dollyblue to make them look white starch was used to make the shirts and collars stiff and the we would put the cloths though the mangle to squeeze all the water out of them to make them dry and then hang them out on the washing line in the back yard or in the back street for them to blow dry or if it was raining we would hang the cloths on the cloths-rack or dry them round the fire when the cloths was dry then with a flat iron warming by the fire side we would set to work to iron the lot the good old days but today it's quite easy to do your washing all you do is put them in the washing machine with some soap and it washers and dry's the lot for you all you do then is just fold the cloths up and put them away but if I was to tell you the truth looking back at it all I liked the days when I used to turn the big handle on the mangle for my gran and the smell of wash day was pure and clean and fresh it was grand . Psalms 77 . 5 v 6. I have considered the days of old.

WATER DEAR WATER PURE FRESH WATER

We have water all around our land The British Isles but not a drop to drink should we put sea water filter stations on our coasts throughout our lands to filter out the salt and sand and make sea water fit to drink then pump the pure fresh water around our land we go in a brand new water pipe line the pure fresh water would flow to every city and town and village throughout our great land we use such a lot of water in our daily life we wash and shower clean our cloths wash our pots and pans clean the car and water the grass and plants and our fruit and veg's must grow our reservoirs were made when water was not used the same way as now we had a tin bath by the fire one bath a week we had when we washed our cloths on Mondays once a week with dolly-tub and mangle we washed and dried the lot when we had a wash in the sink or slopstone the water went down the drain into the tippler box this was like a large water trap when it was full of water it would tip up and down the drain would flow this would flush our long drop toilet as a round the toilet pans the water did flow down into the trap to wash the waste away but now our reservoirs are not enough our environment has changed the old water pipes down in the ground leak our water away the pipes were laid 100 years ago It's time to make a new pipeline to rethink make plans anew the year 2000 as come and gone so lets renew make plans ahead think of times to come so our children and grandchildren will have water just like us today Deuteronomy 8 : 7 v 10 . For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land a land of brooks and water.

WHITEHOUGH CAMP SCHOOL IN THE 1960s

Camp School happy day's for some but not for all of to camp school we did go for three day's or a week or more we all slept in two dormitory's one for the girl's and one for the boy's some of the children had a week or two in tent's in the dormitory's was communal showers you could see what or what not the others had little willy's one and all then there was the dinning hall the food was not that bad if you went out on a trip you got a packed lunch yuk now if you went out for a week camping in tents it was like hell on earth they would take you to a place thirty miles away like Hawes and told you to walk back find your own way home you had a instructor to help you and keep you safe he or she never left you with tents and a pack and food on your back it took you about a week to walk back to Barley camp school now if you wanted a good old crap over the wall you would go and wipe you bum on a dot leaf and mind the nettle's and wasp's of you might get a stung bum you soon find out who your friends are then if it was raining that week you would wear wet cloths all week they say it was happy day's for some it was for others it was hell I liked it now I come to think back it was a good week or so .

Dedicated to all the people who went to camp school from Whitefield Sec/ Mod , School Nelson

WHAT'S IN A NAME ?

The poor old school cleaner his or her title what a joke from a school cleaner to a caretaker from a school caretaker to a janitor from a school janitor to a site supervisor from a school site supervisor to a site manager but they just do the same job as they did at first ? it's like the council cleansing dustman or person now they are called a cleansing operative and the council drainer / drain clearer is now a drainage technician and the gas meter reader now is a gas inspector strange but all true ? what ever will come next.

WHAT IS LIFE ALL ABOUT

Do you like the cold and rain and snow in winter time or the hot summer sun beating down on all every one as a different view of what they like some like beer and wine and some a cup of tea peoples views differ depending on where in the world they live things differ most like richness and poverty why why is it fare for someone to be rich and the other poor why ? why should someone be in good health most of there life and others be sick or disabled and ill ? why do some country's have more food then they need and why do some country's have none and people starve to death why do people fib and lie and walk walk all over others just so they can better there self or keep or better there jobs do you know what is true or false and what life's all about you never know you never can tell what life as in store for you never put of till tomorrow what you could do today some people walk the narrow path some people don't use a path at all they walk over anything no matter how great or small but what is life all about to be born to live to die and at the end will you travel the road most people fear to face God at the judgement seat and see eternity to confess your sins face to face with God and be judged and then it's Heaven or Hell depending on what sort of life you have lead?.

Revelation . 20 . Then I saw an angel coming down from Heaven holding in his hand the key of the bottomless pit.

WHEN I WAS CHAIRMAN OF THE SCHOOL GOVERNORS

Yes it right what they say about teachers they are children who have never left school they moan groan and complain at everything that's going on they complain about parents the children the school the governing body too they complain about the head teacher. And other teachers too the governors have to try to make the money go round. But most of it goes on teachers pay there's not much left for new teaching books new desks and school repairs too the schools are in need of great repair It's stood there now for 100 years It's now out of date just yards to play in We have no playing fields for the children to run in Just black Tarmac yards it's a waste of time going to country hall they never want to hear they always say they have no money for the children round here teaching is not a job for life If a teacher is no good you have to give them the sack if a teacher loses their rag hits a child or picks on a child get rid of that teacher too their's no room in our schools for teachers like that not in this day and age you need discipline yes but firm and kind that's the only way to be you have got to invest in new schools new ways to teach too don't for get the children of today will be the adults of tomorrow the workers that will keep you in your old age so invest spend in education now before it's to late.

1 Timothy 3. 1-3 Apt to teach ?. Dedicated to Marsden C. P. School Nelson Lancashire.

A teacher is a child who as never left school

WAS YOUTH MY IMAGINATION ?

Was youth just a figment of my imagination was youth just a imaginary thing was youth and childhood just a dream of someone who is getting old is youth something one reads about in books or something made up in the mind I was old in my mind even when I was young I've been old in my mind all my life or so it seems even now in my summer wine years I feel old in my body and my mind will I start to feel like a youth someday or is it just another figment of my

mind if just by chance I start to feel young will I have some disease of my mind I have gone though life and not had a childhood so in old age I might just have a chance ?.
Matthew . 18 v 3 Truly I say to you unless you and become like children you will never enter The Kingdom of Heaven

WITH THE COUNCIL

With the council you work hard every day
With shovels and picks we dig all day
With wheelbarrows we move the dirt away
With bars and picks we lift the stone sets and flags
With hammers and chisels we make the flags and sets fit
With rakes and shovels and barrows we lay the Tarmac down
With whackers and road rollers we make the roads and pathways flat
With rods we clear your sewers drains and bogs
With water jetting we keep your drains and sewers clean and free
With brush and shovel and a barrow we sweep your streets clean
With wagons we move from place to place
With the bin wagon we take your household muck away
With the road sweeper we clean the roads and dog shit away
With wagons we take your old furniture to the tip
With bulldozers we fill the tip with your rubbish
With paint we put the road markings down
With a few men we put your street lighting posts up
With the gritting wagon we salt the frost and snow away
With shovels and salt we clear the snow from the paths
With our hands we build the dry-stone-walls
With help from you we could do allot more
With help from God we might live to 65 and retire
With all our aches and pains we will sit by the fire
With our minds we reminisce of the good old days.

YOUNG AT HEART

A long time ago or so it seems when I was young or should I say a child in the 1950s we always had places to go unlike the young of today the church lad's brigade the church's had youth clubs to cubs and scouts and the brownie's and girl guide's or the band of hope what a joke dance hall's and the cinemas or playing in the street or parks knock and run ,hide and seek ,tin-in-the-ring or tig hopscotch and skipping for the girls kiss chase run lad's run we had the radio books and games toys as well loads to do but the children of today have far much more than us but sad to say they are never content why I don't Know .
Exodus 32 v 6 and the people sat down to eat and drink and rose up to play.

YOUNG WILLY

Young Willy was a Lancashire lad strong in the arm and weak in the head when he was young in his welly's over to Sabden in Pendle he went he said he went sheep spotting what a joke with mint flavoured Vasline in his hand he ran after the sheep all day now Willy in later life across the sea's did sod off he set up his home in Australia on a small holding all of his own well we all new he had a small holding with what he had in his pants now Willy thinks he's in heaven with his welly's and sheep of his own I hope he dips the sheep well to get rid of the tic's and flee's and stuff we would not like Willy to get a sheep tic on his private parts if he did we all would know just what he was getting up to
he would have to dip his willy in sheep dip instead of dipping it where he usually doe's now Willy as seen a kangaroo I hope he does not change a habit of a lifetime and start to have a jump with them
sorry you know hop-hop-hop jump- jump-jump .

Y-T-S-NEW JOBS WHAT A JOKE

It was in the 1980s I was an instructor supervisor on the Y-T-S courses young people just left school no joke for them no jobs or work to do so they made them go on the Y-T-S at sixteen years of age to try to get the unemployment figures down and train the young people said the Government of the day but now they are over 30 and queue up for the dole who's to blame for all of this who's to blame for their loss of pride who's to blame for their sadness inside a sadness that eats away their souls I see them on the streets today who has let them down some are pavement people the street is their home no hope, no food no warm place to rest and sleep they're losers and they're boozers they take drugs just to forget you see them in your town you don't have to look far away they are in every town in Britain today next time you look and see them don't turn your face away but for the grace of God it could be you in their place I have been young, and now am old; and yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their Bread and sad to say it's still the same today in why ?.
Dedicated to all the young people I worked with at The LCC/ Wycoller and Nelson and Colne Collage Pivot when I was a Instructor / Supervisor

THE CB RADIO SHOULD BE BAND 1998

I am sat here in my wheelchair communicating across the land talking on my CB to people like me and others to people working , like people motoring across the land they seek directions or assistance when motoring in a strange town I can tell them to avoid roadworks or accidents or delays, and even the time of day we like to ratchet (talk) the time away we have codes and jargon too the CB 10s code and the international Q code phonetic alphabet, you know Alpha , Bravo , Foxtrot the jargon goes like this (bagging) police catching motorists or (dead pedal) a slow vehicle, and motion lotion Fuel and the jargon goes on and on and we all have (handles)

to, nicknames my CB handle's are Ebenezer , The Sewer Rat and Everhard ? you will have to fathom out why they call me this ? you can send QSL cards, a postcard confirming contact to some person across the land or sea you can talk to people across the lands and sea in far off place's on the 27 MHz band we talk day and night we might never see (eye-ball) the people who we talk to but we make friends like this and the friendships last for years you might think we are odd but to us it is a lifeline a way to communicate so 73s best wishes and regards or 88s love and kisses , to you all ? don't forget to pay your licence, fee if you think in worth the brass ? leave channel 09 open for emergencies, it might be you some day ? and channel 14 for calling and channel 19 for mobile use so from me 73s & 88s to you all I am down and clear and out of here my hand in my pocket and off like a rocket 10/10 till we do it again .

Acts 2. 1-4. And suddenly there came a sound from Heaven .

A COUNTRY WAYFARER

You are a English country Rambler a wayfarer of old you love the English country lanes and footpaths the dusty highways and dry stone walls the rustic country stiles and fences the silence of the woodlands and the birds in the hedgerow as you walk by the streams of running water the solitude of rural life countrymen working in harmony with nature you yearn to wonder the fields and the woods that remind you of your youth your haunts of years gone by you can see the romance of each season with your trusty stick and your pack on your back you roam the English country wayside from dawn till dusk it's a pleasure to behold and then at night in the country inn we then sit and tell tales of times long past and Monday comes around once more it's off back to work the office factory or shops or where ever place you find your place of work and you think to yourself of last weekends pleasure and you can't wait till weekend comes again you are a English country Rambler a wayfarer of old you love the solitude of the English rural life.
Ephesians 4, 1 v 3. Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called.

ANNE

Anne past away at 3-30pm on Tuesday the 20-08-96 she had had a long life she was about 85 smoked most of her life gave it up at 75 but the damage to her health was done she had been a ill person all her life but always came back never gave up on her self trips every week holidays three times a year right up to the end of her life now she's gone faraway to a far better place where she will meet her husband once again that will teach him to go first when her husband died a few years ago just after supper in went the last thing he ate was a slice of my wife's cake that will teach him I thought my wife's cooking is great just don't eat her cake just a joke.
Revelations 1 v 18 . I am He that liveth and was dead ; And behold I am alive for evermore.

ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO

What do you need for your journey though life a good education a good job and wealth good food and drink more than you ever could absorb a husband or wife or partner climbing the ladder to wealth alone with all this hate and greed in your hearts you have hurt people on your way up the ladder of life do you care I think not and when you have reached the top of the ladder sold up retired gone to grass you wait for a place in heaven please don't make me laugh when all of your life you only thought of your self what a joke look at the news on the television listen to the radio news people all over the world dead of starvation and ill health sat in camps or under a tree no complaining just waiting to die life is not so pleasant if you have a good look around wars starvation hate and greed so just who will have a place in heaven a camel will pass though the eye of a needle before you will get a place with God change your ways if you can there's still time or may be not because no one knows the hour of one's passing away and just where will you go when you've gone ? to a place of grace with our Lord Jesus Christ or to the other place with your mate Satan .

THE ATOM BOMB 1998-????

Will we reach the next century or not will The Lord return very soon ? India and Pakistan now have the Atom Bomb all the rest of the Islamic states I'll Want one too Israel as one or two as well the U.K and some E.E.C country's the U.S.A and Russia and China have the atom Bomb and a few more country's as well some have signed up to a treaty a formal agreement between states to say they wont use the Atom Bomb first ? but the U.S.A have all ready done so and made two a big bang's in Japan sad to say who's going to be the next to drop one will Lancashire bomb Yorkshire or it might be the other way ? but the yank's are so bigheaded they like to preach and tell all what to do it I'll be reasonable they will drop the next R/I/P don't forget when our lads was fighting in the first and second world wars long ago the yank's did not come in to fight until the wars was nearly over they sat on there bums in England over here , over sexed , and over paid and the U/S presidents love to drop bombs on some other poor sods to hide there scandal there sex life there shame.

BORN TO FORE-FILL SOMETHING BUT WHAT

He came into this world in the Aquarius month under the sign of the early Christians fish the sign of the early church of Jesus Christ he was born on a Saturday morning at the time of just after twelve in a dirty old Lancashire mill town were the smoke hung over the town smoke like a yellow smog from hundreds of coal fire's burning in home's to keep out the damp and the cold a perfect place for king cotton to rise to fame and died a death where the only entertainment was the radio and the pub card's and the piano and the church of our God no hospital no stable he was born in the front room of a tersest house next to the weaving mill a childhood like a whirlwind that blew away before it came and youth past me by in the blink of one's eye born with a birth defect yes disabled and dyslectic unable to keep in work they retired him before he was thirtyfive but now he's nearly fifty with four children and a wife and grand child so there's been some point to his life with his word processor that corrects his spellings he write's to the press it gets into print and his poetry is in books that's read worldwide so what's the next fifty years as to bring is unknown to him but tomorrows not ours it's the Lords to give will it be a rundown dirty old mill town for him or a country village with some green grass and some tree's maybe it will be by the seaside with wave's lashing on the beach it's not mine but it's Gods to give and what will be will be only God Knows what he wants him to be I hope he can fore-fill Gods will .

BRITON THE LAND OF THE FREE ?

Where is your right to free speech today where is your right to a free country where you can walk anywhere any time and if you are free why are e always monitored on C C T V in the town centre at the shops and the garage and work where is your free right to worship as you wish Christian , Muslim , Jew , or whatever you like where is your right to free information on your health or bank credit or whatever you want where is your right to free health care from the cradle to the grave and why should when you die should someone rip your family off funeral cost what a rip off by funeral directors conmen everyone old peoples homes ripping off the old and family's who cannot pay insurance company's and agents ripping of the over fifty's on car's the home and life and pension insurance land of hope and glory where have you gone

big-brother as taken over it's getting like the old U S S R and the E E C tells us what we can say
eat or do our old British parliaments as been flushed down the loo
The Briton I new your flag is flying at half mast R I P .

THE CATTERBURY TAIL

CATFEARGHAS, Fact or Fiction, (English to Gaelic, Fergus--Fearghas), Catfearghas was a 12th century monk in the town of Catterbury in the mouse country Brother Catfearghas's abbey stood on the banks of a wide river on the English and Scottish borders in Catterbury abbey St. Santa Paws is said to rest till Catmas eve strange things happen on Catmas eve but that's another story St. Santa Paws was brought back from Mouseland many years ago by Brother Catfearghas now Brother Catfearghas was a bit of a sleuth a cat who liked to solve a mystery or a crime Brother Catfearghas was also a doctor and herbalist a cat of herbs he new the mystery's of the plant life after many years of fighting in the holyland he came back to take the cowl years of fighting Mouselam and Mouselims had made want to take holly orders he came back to heal the sick and help the disabled cats with Flowers, seeds ,roots, barks, juices, syrups and oils distilled waters and decoction's he went round to try to heal all there was cats with leprosy and hardpad and all kinds of ill's worms and fleas but the best of all Catfearghas liked to solve a mystery beware if you ever step on Catfearghas's tail .

Ecclesiastes . 3 . 1-8 . To every thing there is a season and a time to every purpose under the heaven.

IT WILL CURE ALL ILL'S

The remedy is plane to see said Mum and Dad it will restore you yes it will restore you to full health I am sure medical treatment the doctor no all you need is this a bloody good dose of cod-liver-oil that's what it will do you the world of good so out came the bottle what a size it was it must old two pints or more then out came the spoon the biggest spoon in the house while it's out all you children can have a dose it will do you all the world of good open your gob's down the hatch well that was not so bad said Mum and Dad it will do them good that's what Mum and Dad said but now I am old I can tell you the truth it made me fell quit sick and later on in the day it made me want to shit .

1 Corinthians . 1.27. But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise.

WHO IS TO SAY IT IS WRONG . CANNABIS FOR PAIN RELIEF

In the mummy's of ancient Egypt yes embalmed preserved corpse's of Kings and Queens they have found Nicotine and Cocaine yes addictive drugs some 3000 years BC narcotic Kings and Queens they used opium to and a lot more addictive narcotics so what's the big fuss today ? narcotic drugs have been used for thousands of years now this will make you sick in the late 1800s and early 1900s the people of this country England used to import mummy's from Egypt to make the bone and dead flesh ect into a powder and eat it ? they say it did them good?, this was cannibalism in England so lets just think why can't people today people in a lot of pain use a drug to ease there pain they say it is against the law to grow cannabis plants or use a drug

made from cannabis ? why ? A pill or decoctions made from cannabis plants can ease and
takeaway bad pain so who is right and who is wrong if it's gone on for thousands of years why
not let a person in server pain use it today if they get it from the doctor.
Genesis . 1.10-11. And God said, let the earth bring forth grass the herb yielding seed, and fruit
tree
yielding fruit after his kind whose seed is in itself, upon the Earth: And it was so .
The Government does not know best in this case

COMMERCIALIZATION

Easter a time of sadness and joy, Christmas a time of joy, all now the true meanings taken away
by commercialization," Greed" Greed" Greed", the true meaning what was it ? as everyone
forgot.

THERE ARE FAIRY'S AND FAIRY'S

There are fairy's at the bottom of the garden or so I was told when I was young there are fairy's
at the bottom of the garden oh what jolly jolly fun there are fairy's who stand in the town centre
there are fairy's who walk in the park but they are not my childhood fairy's who are at the
bottom of the garden oh no they have pubs and clubs for fairy's oh what jolly jolly fun as they
dance in there fine silk dress's
with there wonds in there hands what fun then the night fades away to dawn it's a beautiful day
today out there in our hairy fairy garden of fun what a gay day for fairy's in our garden of fairy's
and fun
I'm free ? for the teddy bears pick-nick in our garden of fairy's and fun .

CELTIC CHRISTIANITY

It's old yet it's new Celtic Christianity a Christianity of poetry and song and nature beware of
this form of Christianity it goes back to ancient times the times of the druids it's like going back
to King Arthur and Merlin a time of warlocks and witchcraft small groups of people in house
groups led by god knows who some idiot or other it's Christians being led astray and for why ?
because the church of today as let them down they have no faith in today's churches they have a
life still based on greed money and job insecurity a life based not on Jesus but on self interests .
Matthew 6:33-34. But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these thing
shall be added unto you .

THE WORD'S CELTIC OR CELTICA

C, Is for the Celt or (Kelt)
It makes me think of the queer Scottish Celtic Clans
And why do they wear Tartan Kilts
And why when going over the glens
Why do they flash their bum's and genitals at their enemies
They did this when fighting the English ?.

E, Is for Erotica
After looking at the Celts in kilts
Do you need to ask why.

L, Is for the language's including Gaelic and Welsh
Did you no the Gaelic Alphabet consists of eighteen letter's
A B C D E F G H I L M N O P R S T and U.
This must account for the bad spelling on the toilet wall's.

T, Is for the toilet wall's
The Celtic poet's are always writing on.

I, Is for indecent and sexual immorality
Unseemly to some
Indecent exposure showing of one's genitals in public
It's not done
Let's tell the Scottish in there kilt's next time they give us a flash.

C, As above.

A, Is for Available
There is no more to be said
Let's all of us wear Highland-Dress .

I'm free are you

LITTLE SILLY WILLY

June 1998.

The E.E.C. have come up with a good one a new rule a new law for us all the old size condom is not legal the old condom is far to small ? the new E.E.C. law is as follows the new size condom as to be

Six point something inches long because the the men in Scandinavia have bigger peckers than us in the U/K I don't know who's done the survey but they mist me out with the measuring stick because my pecker is far bigger than six inch ? When I look though my magnifying glass so you E.E.C. people better watch out when the U/K Everhard Penis Club Sponsored by Viagra is about .

CHANGE WHY ?

I'm just a simple chap born just after the 2nd world war but I'm begging to wonder who won the bloody war I still measure in feet and inch's I have never mastered the metric way's I still work my brass out in Pounds, Shillings and Pence I have not settled down yet to this new fangled New pence but bloody hell I've found out just the other day from 1999 onwards there going to price goods in our English shops both with the so called New pence and that bloody Euro cash what the hell is a silly old sod like me, going to do ? I'm going to join a monastery and live the monastic life and leave this world of change all to you and devote my life to celibacy and prayer for you sinners so call me brother Donald or what ever you like it's time for me now to go to prayer, Amen, to that I'm now in the Monastery of Dunn-Changing in the Country or Half-way-to Heaven, England I'm living a joyful and peaceful prayerful life. Amen .

CHARITY SWEET CHARITY

CHARITY, Means Generosity to the needy.

CHARITY, Means Love towards other's.

CHARITY, Means Instinctive kindness.

Every day if you you go out into any town or to any shop or super-store you will find people collecting for charity where does the charity money go I would like to know ? they say it's for the disabled and people in need but where does the money go to I would like to know ? I am disabled and I know many others in the same way and I know many people in need yes in this country England in the all of my life I have never received any charity money and I have been disabled from birth not for me or my wife or children I ask my self why ? so where does the money go I wish someone could tell me I would really like to know ? if people like me and others in need don't get it who does ? if you ask the people collecting they say it goes to the disabled and needy so who the hell is tricking who I would like to know ?.

1 Timothy 6 v7 . For we brought nothing into this world an it is certain we can carry nothing out.
But a little charity would not go a miss now

CHRISTUS NATUS

Christmas chants fill the air Christus Natus floats around everywhere to celebrate the birth of Christ The King in Church and Chapel and Monasteries the sounds of prase to Christ The King Midnight Mass , Hymns and Chants ring, ring out all across the lands like waves of sound against the sand enchanted carols music in the streets church bells hand bells ring ring ring to celebrate the birth of Christ The King sing lustily and with good courage sing tell the world the good good news that

Jesus Christ came to this world for us traditional music fills the air Christus Natus everywhere music boxes ring out with tune to tell the world of the birth of Christ The King he came for the poor sinner to save believe in Jesus and be saved God The Father, Son and Holy ghost bless this time of remembrance. Christmas time should be a time of joy ?

COURTING OR KORTING

I now know why they call going out with a girl courting it is because after you've done the courting job

You get a life of imprisonment and life does mean life for most men some lads find out way's to escape how I don't know but most of us lads have balls and chains on and she who most be obeyed as the key she's even got a shotgun so lads we have no way of escape there's no way of being let of with a caution no way bail is ever given to us we don't even get of on licence the only licence we get is ? a marriage licence which mean for us life imprisonment and life means life and then after a life time of imprisonment the hangman come's and we are gone to spend eternity in heaven with God I hope God's not a woman oh God it might be she who most be obeyed if it is I'm of down below with the rest of the lads I know at least we will be warm stroking up the fire for Old Nick R.I.P. men's liberation society where all going to burn our jock strap's or our long-jonh's in our case.

CONSUMER SURVEYS ?

Lets have a National Consumer Survey on Consumer Surveys do you use brand A B or C ? what age are you and your family are you married ? do you use it every day, once a week, once a month, or not at all do you use brand names goods or buy stores own goods do you eat the brand name Baked Beans and brand name Bran Flakes for roughage do you buy brand name slimming food or the stores have you tried The F Plan Diet form the Health Food Shop do you heat your home by Gas if you have had Baked Beans and The F Plan Diet you will making more Gas than

British Gas just stick the Gas pipe up your " arse " Sorry bum light a match and watch out for the big bang then what toilet paper do you use is it grease proof or soft sheets you use or are you so poor you have to use news paper cut up in squares or when you go out in the country side and you are taken short and you have no toilet paper do you use a Dot Leaf or Grass to wipe your bum what use are consumer surveys and does it benefit me? it does not benefit me as far as I can see well it gives some one a useless job ?.

John 11 v 25 Jesus said to her, I am the resurrection and the life.

Consumer surveyors are on a par with double glazing sale's people a right load of two faced old wanker's .

A COUNTRY WALK AT DAWN

Have you ever been out in the country side just after dawn in autumn or winter when you can see the cobwebs in the trees glistening with dew and if frosty you see the cobwebs gleaming with white and the little drops dew frozen like diamonds like jewels gods treasures of nature you can look at the streams with a thin layer of ice over them and the water running under the ice with small fish still swimming about and you can look at the fields and see small piles of earth dug up all around mole hills and you might even see a mole or a rat or mouse or you might even see a squirrel rabbit or a stoat weasel or badger if you are lucky it's beautiful in the country side first thing in the morning when no ones about except you you can feel the peace of god all around you the birds in the trees the robin in the hedgerow and the sparrows starlings and blackbirds and jays flying about from tree to tree the frost glistening on the grass and the stocky game-birds on the moors and in the woods pheasants and grouse and the wood pigeon and the leaves brown and crisp with frost under your feet when walking down the country lane or track and then comes the snow falling like small stars covering all with a thick white overcoat and then home for a warm drink and something to eat by the fireside .

Matthew 6: 26-31. Behold the fowls of the air.

To my time as a Y T S Instructor in Rural Crafts at Wycoller Country Park 1982/83

365 DAYS AND A QUARTER PLUS

Your old mum is she always there for you 365 days of the year ? in sunshine and rain in sickness and in health will she soothe and wipe your tears away ? you might be a child or a teenager you might be a person in your so called middle age you could be in retirement yes even over 65 years of age is your mum always there for you I hope she is you never grow up you are still her child even when you are well over 65 years of age no matter what in good time's and bad you will find her she might have grown old silver haired in her old rocking chair she sits you might live now hundreds of miles away or over the sea in far off lands but don't forget she's only a step away A letter, A card, A phone call you could make your old mum's day The Bible says honour your father and mother some people can do this with respect but some children who have been ill treated by there parents in childhood how can that child have honour or respect ?.

DIANA THE LADY OF THE LAKE

Diana lived in the fast lane of life and sadly died on the banks of the river Sien in a tunnel in France it all ended for her, her name was on the ticket when the Grim-reaper called in a man-made accident we will never know who was to blame The Monarchy took her title away H-R-H they only wanted Diana for one thing as new breeding stock for the monarchy they

treated her no better than a farm animal to bring in to this word the new King to be was it grief or guilt the British people gave only you and God know what is in your own heart you loved to read the news sheets on any scandle true or false tell the truth for once in your life's but now she's at rest far away from you all in a place where only the pure and good can go she will be sat at our Lords feet now with Saint Mother Treasurer of Calcutter who The Lord took home a few days after Diana, Diana The Lady of The Lake, R-I-P.

THE DOCTORS GONE FISHING

The Doctors gone fishing he's off for a week no patients no prescriptions or medical emergency's the mobile phone put on one side no calls for a week he's even got away from his wife better known to all as " Ayesha, She who must be obeyed" is the old doctor fly fishing no he's sat on the river-bank today in his old coat and old pants with his Wellingtons on his feet and an old hat on his head a faint wift of smoke from his mucky old pipe the smell of pipe tobacco floats on the breeze his weather beat face grins from under his hat and his weathered old hands with his fishing rod in he sit's there for hours and hours on end with his flask of whiskey and tea and some butties and not forgetting his small radio playing away I think sometimes he's made out of stone he sit's there for hours and never moves a muscle that's the doctor sat there with his old fishing rod they says it keeps him out of mischief who knows but who knows just what's running though the doctors old mind ?he's at peace for a week for hours he sit's in a world of his own does he sit and think about when he was a lad fishing in the same spot for hours on end or is he thinking of that fish that got away or the biggest fish he ever caught or maybe he's thinking I wish this week would not end ? .

DO YOU KNOW

There are more things in heaven and on earth than we can comprehend have astronomers and others seen aliens from out of space little green men , lizard like men who knows and who cares do you do witches fly on broom sticks ridding the winds when the moon is on high, casting spells and enchantments round the coven fire when all is dark in the dead of night and do angels walk the earth looking like men do you know who is who is God male or female or unisex who knows well not me is there more to life than we know, more than our minds can comprehend is this life an apprenticeship to a life after death if you are good do you go to Heaven, if you are bad do you go to Hell there are more things here than anyone can understand which religion is the right one, every one says it's there's

Doe's it rely matter and do you rely care religious books are many with philosophy from the dawn of time it's up to you to make your choice on what in life you want to believe or not I hope you make the right choice and chose Jesus Christ .

DRUG'S WHAT'S DRUG'S ?

You stuck up get's down south you people of little wit you come up north because we have every stimulant known to man you can have Crack or Smack just bend over the pleasures mine if you want Coke a chap brings it round in bags of one hundred weight or so don't mind how he looks he's black from head to toe but if you want Snow come up north from December till March we can supply you by the ton and if you want Grass we have ton's of that dam stuff we grow it in the fields don't tell the police around the Old Weaving Mills if you want The Weed we have back streets full of the muck and if you nip down to Old Dewhurst's the Butchers and ask for Roy, Alf or Les they will sell you a Joint any day of the week now up north we have E in bottles of 30 pills just go to the corner shop and ask we even put in vit's A . B . C and D as well as E just for you and if you want Speed we can give it you we have the plant to do the job just get some Senna Pods brew some up in an old pint pot drink and a hour or two latter you will have Speed and a sore bum so come up north and have a trip for a day or a week or a month .

AWAY DOWN SOUTH

The people away down south think they are quite posh ? with their country homes and mobile phones and afternoon teas at half past three they go boating on the river T ? or out in one's punt to impress ? and at night it's out on the town to a show and then dinner at ? and their children go to private school and go horse riding round the park and at night they have their pals round to sleep and when they get to sixteen they think it's in to drink and take drugs and smoke and then spend all night in night clubs and laugh at people who have to sleep on the streets but it says in the Bible in Mark 8. 36-37.

For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world , And lose his own soul ? .

DYSLEXIA

When I was in infant school at the age of 5 or 6 years old I can remember one morning sat there from playtime till lunch time not being able to do my reading or maths they said I was a bright lad till then after that I was labelled as thick ? in the 1950s they did not know about dyslexia the teachers never cared about me I landed up on the school garden most of the time I was good at gardening , art and craft and cooking I was never any good at sport because of a birth defect I was born with a Heart Defect (I-H-D) , the teachers from 1955 to 1965 let me down ? it's a strange world I ended up being The Chairman of Governors at the junior school that did not care about me ? I had the power to employ , sack , and reprimand them all ?" teacher are children who have never left school ", teachers have far too many holidays and are over paid compared with people in other trades and professions of the same statues, I ended up working on the local council as a Drainer and jack of all trades and later on in my life I became a Instructor/

Supervisor on the Y-T-S I had to give up work in 1984 because of my ill health ? I still cannot read or write or do maths but who gives a dam who cares ? I would say to you or any person never give up on your self I don't you can do anything you wish to just put your mind to it, it does not matter if you cannot read or do maths ect you are as good as any other person if not better don't let any one tell you , you are not .

1 Corinthians 15 v 10.

But by the grace of God I am what I am and His grace towards me was not invain .

A DAY IN THE ENGLISH LAKES

As I sit here in my car the car park does look full with sun roof open I look up at the trees and leaves I see copper leaves and green leaves too with that old sun shinning though small fly's dancing in the sun around the leaves do fly a blackbird on the wall looking for some bread I see a small rabbit on the grass look and run away as I look across the way people I can see looking at the boats on the lake swans with young ones on the bank and people feeding them the sun beats down what a warm day children with ice cream sit on a seat with their parents resting there painful feet people with packs on their backs with boots and shorts and tents and things cars pull in to the car park and all dash out and run across the way to a grey building yes the good old W C visitors from over the seas I can hear them as they pass with tones from the U-S-A Japan and from I don't know where to see the English Lakes they do come every year it's more a trip of a life-time to them but it's only 50 miles away from my home one hour in the car a nice day's run any time of year there are large wagons and the country bus cars and bikes on roads only made for horse and cart what a peace this place must have been 100 years ago or may be not it's all in the mind as I sit here and think and look about my eyes start to shut and day dream of times gone by yes and times to come.

Genesis 1 v 1. In the beginning God created the heaven and earth.

FIRE AT WILL

The Captain said load take aim and fire at Will what's Will done to deserve this fate do you have the will to fire at Will or will you let Wily go free have you made you last will and testament and why should Will have to make a will, will he or will he not will you tell me what the question is ? is Will really Bill or Will or what will , Will get the bill at the end will or Bill or Wily or what it's all making me feel quit silly the end of our poor wily .

FOR EVERYTHING THERE IS A SEASON

All is Vanity in this world and the Injustice of life is plane for all to see we have been given Wisdom but do we use it or is it Folly the excellence of wisdom is remembering God in your youth beware of false teachers those clothed in white robes which are black they have a place coming to them it is called The Bottomless Pit, Jesus will return one day are you ready or not there will be songs of triumph in Heaven on that day He will Make All Things New, The New Jerusalem surely He is coming soon for everything there is a season the crucified - Crowned and

coming King Jesus is coming soon are you ready ?.

FIRST OR LAST ?

Does it matter if you're one of the hundred best does it matter if you cross the line first or last does it matter if you win or lose or is your self ego all you love and chose at work at play do you have to be best are you not satisfied to be second or next to the last in the end it does not matter if you come first or last you will all end up the same in the end six feet under with your toes curled up to the sky at rest in your old Brass handled Oak box except now the old Oak box you paid for is Chip-board hard luck and the Brass handles are tin plated cast iron you've been coned at last rest in peace if you can you can't take your money on this journey and you will end up the last .

Mark 8: 36-37 .

For what shall it profit a man , if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ?.

THE LANCASHIRE COTTAGE GARDEN

The Lancashire cottage garden is a tin bath in our old back yard full of lupins and a daff or two and a chimney pot full of soil with foxgloves in we even have some herbs growing in my old chamber pot and ivy up the back yard wall if you are lucky you might have an allotment down the road to grow some fruit and veg's in along with all the flowers and weeds some keep hens some keep ducks some keep pigs an all Lancashire is a self sufficient county and in chapel on Sunday's we give thanks for what we've got

GRANDADS GONE FISHING

He sit's on the river bank in his old coat and old pants with his Wellingtons on his feet and an old hat on his head a faint wift of smoke from his mucky old pipe the smell of pipe tobacco floats on the breeze his weather beat face grins from under his hat and his weathered old hands with his fishing rod in he sit's there for hours and hours on end with his flask of tea and some butties and not forgetting his small radio playing away I think sometimes he's made out of stone he sit's there for hours and never moves a muscle that's my grandad sat there with his old fishing rod gran says it keeps him out of mischief and out of her hair but I don't know ? but who knows just what's running though my grandads old mind ? for hours he sit's in a world of his own does he sit and think about when he was a lad fishing in the same spot for hours on end or is he thinking of that fish that got away or the biggest fish he ever caught or maybe nothing at all ?

GOD'S GIFT TO YOU

God's gift to you was and is life and He gave you this gift so take good care of it and also take care of man and beast and the plant life to since time began we have made a right mess of it all

if I was God I would have got fed up with you years ago but not God He love's you why I don't Know some people are religious I wonder if they are ? or are they just middle class snobs the so called do gooders stuck up people who just want to be seen to ?? stand out from all others why I just don't know that was never Gods way or Jesus's way ether if these people think they will go to heaven they better think again it's not the heaven I want to go to I can't sand them here never mind eternity in heaven with them God help me please but when I get to heaven I think I will find people who the so called do good's look down on will be the people in heaven like me. John 3. 35-37. He that believest on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believest not in the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on them .

G-M-T or U-T-C to B-S-T

Time time why and where from G-M-T or U-T-C to B-S-T lose or gain what a pain twice a year is there any point I can see none leave time alone no you grown early or late next day blame time you say forward and back or back and forward I can't remember I've forgot no point, no point leave time the same year in and year out leave alone, leave alone please please please don't change any more.

Eph . 5 v 16 . Making the most of the time.

GOD KNOWS OUR NEEDS EVEN BEFORE WE ASK

When is the best time to pray at any time of night or day you have a open satellite signal to God faster than sound, faster than light prayer is faster than anything man could invent you can pray in the morning at the dawn of the day you can pray at lunch, or at play you can pray at night by the side of your bed you can pray sat on the toilet if you want ? any place, any time, any where you can pray not just when you are in trouble or want something that's the only time some people pray you don't need to make prayer a ritual like some people like to do just so Mr. or Mrs. Muggings can hear then down the way the so called good Christians ? God hates the proud and people who boast what a better person they think they are a lot better than me or you ? Jesus came to save the sinner's who have gone astray not the proud and boastful so called church goers you don't have to go to church to except Jesus as your saviour and to forgive your sin's you have made in your life don't forget the old, sick and disabled and housebound the people who the church as forgot they cannot get to a church so who care's not you ? but our Lord Jesus Christ not forgot you thankyou Lord for saving us poor sinner's, Amen.

GAY OLYMPICS GAME'S 1998

I always thought the word gay meant happy a jolly sort of boy or girl in the 1950s we even had a dance called The Gay Gordons but I did not find that Scotch dance queer but today in the 1990s we have gay rights groups and now we have the gay Olympic games so they are sending 900 or so gay athletes to Amsterdam to compete in the gay Olympic's with the backing of The New Labour Government and all our gay MP's The Labour Queers and Piers I just wonder when playing Leap-Frog in the gay Olympic games will they all will want to be the frog or will they all want to leap a bachelor gay am I , bum bum as the song goes .

THE GYPSY . NEW-AGE . AND THE CHEATS

The Gypsy , they are one of a nomadic Caucasoid people migrating from the border region between Iran and India/ Pakistan.

They came to Europe in the 14th or 15th century they now live in Europe and the U/S/A.

The Indic language spoken by this people is Romany.

The word Gypsies is a shortening from Egyptian because they were believed to have come from Egypt.

They made their living from such itinerant trades as peddling , fortune-telling , and music-making .

Unlike the so called New-Age-People.

They resemble a Gypsy in appearance and behaviour especially in having a wandering or care-free lifestyle.

Basically the New Age person are into consciousness-raising , caring and green politics.

They have an alternative model of spiritual values they try to replace or coexist with the materialistic values of the present age.

Unlike the people who have an old van and an old caravan who go round robbing and stealing and deal with scrap and old cars and steal new vans and cars .

And then we have the Irish who would like people to think they are free born men of the travelling people but the truth is they are not .

May the true Gypsies travel the roads and byways in peace for evermore .

HAPPY CLAPPY'S

They call you Happy Clappy's you Evangelical Church goes of today or so it says in the dictionary's of this day you clap your hands and speak in tongues roll on the floor and bark like dog's laugh like loony's in a mental house and you call it Evangelical Christianity roll round the floor The Mad Toronto way if this is Christianity I'll leave it alone give me an old fashion church any day of hymns and songs the old fashion way give me a person who preaches what the Bible says beware beware the happy clappy's don't blind your eyes with untruths and out and out lies you don't need to look too far to find God he's been at your door knocking away for years on end open the door and let Him in before you are too late take the cotton wool out of your ears you aren't deaf and listen to what God is saying to you.

Colossians 2-8. Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit.

HOW COME

How come big and tall people have tiny little dogs and how come small people have dogs like Great Danes and how come the softies like skin-heads and the wimps have dogs like Bull Terriers and other breeds like that there must be some psychological reason some universal law to explain for all this I wish someone could explain this custom because I don't understand the thing ? .

THE HUMAN FILE

When prehistoric life roamed on the earth millions of millions of years ago through time and space a bright light came a meteorite scientists might say today ? or was it , or was it not ? was it the largest spaceship ever made in some far of planet in another universe it crashed on earth, dust and rock flew up then most prehistoric life died out before the crash from the spaceship came millions of life-pods life in a frozen state around the globe the pods were scattered preserved in ice for thousands of years life emerged from the pods a hideous sight the life was called man or human beings we are the aliens that came from space we bred like fly's and took over the world we made this world the waste dump it is if this accident had never happened what would life be like on earth today great beasts prehistoric life would still roam would this be what life would be like today Dinosaurs rule the world o/k .

LANCASHIRE HEAVEN

I had a dream the other night the greatest dream of all I dreamt I was in Heaven with all the good people I new the dialect was Lancastrian and a bit of Yorkshire to and the food was sheer bliss Tripe and Black pudding you see the flags were flying in heaven and on the flags there was The Red and White roses of Lancashire and Yorkshire you see it was heavens yearly cricket match and Lancashire had won the toss so we put Yorkshire in to bat and we batted em out for nowt then Lancashire came in to bat we got to 500 runs and declared Then Old Nick came up for his yearly visit it was his turn to buy the ale so he soon went back when he new the score because there's no one from Lancashire down there so he felt left out but the great thing about heaven which we did not tell Old Nick was all the food and ale is free to use up here you see now we have made ST. Peter a Lancastrian and God is our Chairman you see so Lancashire are sure to win because Jesus is our ref you see. Matthew 28 v18. And Jesus came and said to them all authority in heaven and on earth has been given to me.

LEGEND ON LEGEND TRUE WHO KNOWS

Did Jesus walk on England's green and present land before he was 33 years of age Joseph of Arimathea secret disciple of Jesus Christ provided Jesus's tomb legend says Joseph of Arimathea came to England with the Holy Grail ? The Holy Grail a cup or chalice in medieval and Christian legend was it wood tin copper silver or gold who knows ? it was used by Jesus and His disciples at The Last Supper yes and it as been subsequently the object of many chivalrous quest The Holy Shroud a peace cloth in which the body of Jesus was wrapped in after the crucifixion The Holy Shroud was held by the Knights Templars for many years The Holy Shroud is where we got the face print of Jesus from ? is that face on the cloth Jesus's who knows ?The Holy Shroud is now held in the 15th century cathedral in Turin Sardinia legends true or false means not a thing you see a true Christian beleaves in Jesus not legends true or false what is a prayer a request to God for help or a need or are you just lonely and want someone to talk to ? some use prayer for prase and worship you don't need a church you can pray any where you don't need a priest to confess your sins to you have a direct line it's called prayer you don't to

pray to idols or image's you don't need to bow down to the east or pray to saints you can pray any where at home work or play just pray how you want to God will hear you any time day or night because God never forgets you , it's you who have forgot God.
Matthew 21 v 22 . And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer believing ye shall receive.

LIFE ON THE MOBILE PHONE

Would you use your mobile phone if you knew what went on ? there are people all over the place listening to what you say by day and by night on scanning monitors they are listening to what you have to say they listen to business calls, home calls, and calls to love one's to they listen to what you have to say all your secrets to business men on over-night stays business meetings to the things they get up to when away from home would shock even you the things they get for putting business a persons way
Holidays money sex yes it's all true we hear it ever day we even hear the lady down the road and the man across the way when there partner's are out would you like to know what they say and what they plan and do when they think no one see or hear you can hear them make there plans people listen to them ever day mobile phone calls by men to lady's of the night and day now where they meet a secret ring or I will meet you by the phone box or I will meet you by the pub or may be from the phone box directions they will get what do they charge what is the price for sex around your way yes I know just what goes on from drugs to sex and crime it all goes on, on the mobile phone I hear it all day long so next time you use your mobile phone just think of what say I here credit card numbers pin numbers and phone numbers to your name your address it all come's over the air wave's every little thing you say and do you must all be daft the things you say and do on your mobile phone's why don't you stop and think there are people listening to you .

Proverbs 27;20. Hell and destruction are never full ; so the eye's of man are never satisfied.

LOVE IS

Love is like a lucky-bag you never know what you'll get love is like the lottery most times you lose but once you may win]100 love is like a spinning top it spins then falls to one side love is like the wind that blows you don't know where it come's from and you don't know where it goes love is kind or cruel you don't know till you've tried it out love is not like rubbish you can't throw it away when you get fed-up love is ?.

LANCASHIRE'S PENDLE FOREST WITCH'S

The Devil rode out of Pendle Hill He was looking for some souls he came down to Pendle Forest and looked all around, what He found was the old and sick, the disabled and mentally insane roaming about the land.

It was in the year of 1612 at Malkin Tower on a Good Friday a assembly took place, they said it was attended by seventeen pretended witches and wizards who was afterwards brought to trial . They said containing the manner of their becoming such; their enchantments, spells, revels, and merry pranks, their raising of storms and tempests, and their riding on the winds of mirth and recreation did any of it take place.

At Lancaster Assizes in the autumn of 1612 , twenty persons, of whom sixteen were women of various ages, were committed for trial, most were tried for witchcraft .

Ten persons were sentenced and executed at Lancaster on the 20th of August in the year of our Lord 1612.

Ann Whittle alias " Chattox "she was over aged over eighty ,Elizabeth Device, James Device, Anne Redfern, Alice Nutter, Catherine Hewytt, John Bulcock, Jane Bulcock, Alizon Device, and Isabel

Rodey.

Elizabeth Southerne, widow, alias " old Demdike" aged over eighty or more died in the cells at Lancaster in 1612.

To prove the guilt of one of the ten prisoners, evidence was received that it was the opinion of a man who was not in court, that she turned his beer sour.

To prove the charge of murder it was thought sufficient to attest that the sick person had declared his or her belief that he or she owed their approaching death to the maledictions of the prisoner.

It would be nearer the truth to say that nothing but fiction was received in evidence.

The sixteen inhabitants who was said to have died by witchcraft were, Robert Nutter, of Green head.

Richard Assheton, son of Richard Assheton Esq,of Downham. A child of Richard Baldwin, of Westhead in the Forest of Pendle. John Device or Davies , of Pendle. Ann Nutter, daughter of Anthony Nutter of Pendle. A child of John Moor, of Higham. Hugh Moor, of Pendle. John Robinson, alias Swyer. James Robinson. Henry Mytton, of Roughlee. Ann Towneley, wife of Henry Towneley, of Carr Hall, Gentleman. John Duckworth. John Hargreaves, of Goldshaw Booth. Blaize Hargreaves, of Higham. Christopher Nutter. and Ann Folds, near Colne.

John Law, a pedlar was also bewitched, so as to lose the use of his limbs, by Alizon Device, because he refused to give her some pins without money.

LORD QUINTON GAYLORD

Young Quinton at school was a pratt one of the seven who went in eight carts by arseholing he worked his way up became a Town Councillor well he liked to hear his own voice in time he became a County Councillor and Town Mayor by greasing folks palms he worked his way up over the years he stood for a MP well his qualifications for the job was impeccable he worked his way from The Public Toilets to the House of Commons WC's " He Came out of the closet" and told every body he was Gay ? I don't know why we all new when he was at school the lad was queer by the way he walked and over the years he finely made it to The House of Lords where all the queers sit fast asleep or bored our Lord Quinton wanted to bring the age of consent down to 16 well he always like them young he was a very liberal peer sorry queer .

"The name Lord Quinton Gaylord is a made up one"

MY MIND NEEDS HELP

My mind is in a land of mist where my thoughts can't exist I can feel the pain in my head as my mind cannot get round things they give me pills they do not work just send me to sleep will it will it ever end this madness I can feel in side of me it twists and turns round and round my eyes can't see things as they are and now I drift into I don't know what a life of madness will it never end all I ask is for you to understand our do you just think I am mad lock me away throw away the key this madness as taken over me Help Help Help Help Help ??.

MARRIAGE

When two people get married the marriage should last for life they should unite closely as husband and wife take care of each other in sickness and in health bring up their children with love and care yes life as it's up's and downs no-one know's what life as in store for them thank God for that I would not like to know just what tomorrow might bring yesterday's gone now so you must live for today it's too easy to just give up at the smallest upset in your life when things get bad, Start to pray go to church and talk to the Boss? yes I mean God or Jesus or ? it's always works for us God's always there but when times get bad you might think He's not but He is there all the time so never give up.

Matthew 21v22. And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer believing, ye shall receive.

THE MOTORBIKE

They say theirs 1,000cc's or more throbbing between there legs a death machine a bullet going though the air it weaves from side to side like a projectile of death and if you don't slow down the grave will be your fate or a trip to the Crematorium in a pine box to be burnt rest in peace if you can ? you motorbiking big kids.

CARRY ON CLEANING

Old Wilf's got a nude home help from the Lancashire Country Council S/S dept it's like Adolf

Hitlers S/S in the war it's run by faceless ruthless people who don't care now old Wilf's nude home help is called Breathless Brenda she's as a velvet duster she rubs and cleans old Wilf's old brass ball's and really makes em shine and when she rubs his Did-ger-i-doo she brings tears to old Wilf's eye's old Wilf's say's she's any body's for a tin of Salmon it does not matter weather it's pink or red and when she bent over to do the rug old Wilf after deliberation thought her big fat bum blocked out the sun now Breathless Brenda thinks she's the best home help that's ever been but self prase is no recommendation in the eye's of poor old Wilf she as her own way of cleaning well most home helps have but it would be nice if she told old Wilf where she puts his stuff after she's cleaned the dust away he found twenty pairs of boxer short in two old carrier bags but she's a wiz at cleaning the toilet with old Wilf's new tooth brush but when washing up she needs to learn to wash the cats dish's in a different way not with the rest of the dinner things but all in all old Wilf's nude home help is o/k in her place but they have not dug it for her yet so she must Carry on Cleaning until she's sixty five so carry on Breathless Brenda with your feather duster in your hand but please don't tickle old Wilf's fancy it might make him have a heart attack.

MISINTERPRETATION

Is Jesus actually Yahweh , is Christ actually Em-Man!u-el" was He born in 5 BC who knows who can actually tell was he born in December No, Is Easter at the right time ? is it all misinterpretation and truthfully do you care The Bible was written by semi-literate scholars many years ago The Bible as been rewritten many, many time's new versions, new translations, who's to know what's what the letter "Y" was replaced by the letter "J" in the early 1600s in the English Dictionary so is Jesus actually Yewhew, Jehovah, Christ, Em-Man!u-el" some say He died on a cross and some say on a stake some say He was an alien He came from out-of-space? but all in all I believe He was The Son of God now in one version of the Bible the scholars mist a word one small word the word was " Not " in the 7th Commandment it read, " You must --- commit adultery", well that's what it said so who's to know what is the truth, who's to know what is what The Bible say's you have not to add or take away from The Holy Book but who's to know the truth any more when our Holy Book as been misinterpreted by so many semi-literate people over thousands and thousands of years but I still believe what ever you wish to call Gods Son He is The Son of God and The Son of Mary to.

BETWEEN NIGHT AND DAY

There is no place like, like when ? where the nights never ends ends ends is there a time before the night ends and the dawn light starts to shine where time stops for a fraction never to start for some again it's one of the mysteries of this world is there a time between sleep and being awake when time is no place to be found and if between night and day sleep and wake if both meet together where could you end up is this the time where we live in dreams is this the time when the soul leaves to go where to enter Heavens bliss or Hell's fire where the fallen angels live? or you might think it all ends then or is it a place where we live in dreams where we can do anything we want or is it that fraction of time where we recharge our life cells up is it the place

where we meet our fears of life who knows it over before we can blink is it a place where we dream of time's long ago where childhood dragons live and the evil things which we shut out of our minds in the daylight but in dream-land can live to torture and torment shout for help please lets wake up .

THE N-H-S OF THE FUTURE 2000

Our Government have come up with a good one this time they want doctors to move into public places like supermarkets and shopping centres and they want doctors to do more like small operations and other medical procedure to repair your damaged parts so just think its going back to the kitchen table doctors of good or bad old days

- 1, Scrub the kitchen table
- 2, Boil one swiss army knife
- 3, Plug in the black and decker saw
- 4, Thread an easy-stitch hand held sewing machine
- 5, Order five pints of blood from the milkman
- 6, Use a vax 3 in 1 multi-purpose vacuum cleaner
- 7, A tube of super glue or a paper clip

Then carry on doctors you might be better of if you started going to the vets so watch out next time you go to the supermarket or shopping centre for a leg of lamb you might end up with a leg of Len or half a pound of Lily's liver you could get a steak and Sidney pie and what ever you do don't ask for sweetbreads you don't know who's balls you will have in your frying pan doctors will have to sell your bits of to the local butchers to make their budgets work out by government order .

Don't treat your Doctor like a God there not they are just like you and me

THE 23 N-H-S Psalm

The N-H-S is my sheer hell , I shall want it makes me lie down on old green sheets it makes me try to pass water into a small bottle it try's to restoreth my prostrate gland and fails it leads me down the path to the GP's surgery even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of the Dentists I shall fear the needle drill and cleaning for my walking sticks are with me it is my rod and my staff and crutches they comfort me and hold me up thou preparest a table for me of low fat food in the presence of my enemies good food sweets and old ale thou anointest my haemorrhoids with oil my diarrhoea overflows from my bowels surely a sore bum shall follow me all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the workhouse or a old peoples home for ever more or until I die of despair Amen .

OLD AGE OLD AGE

The Scientists say ? the life span in the U/K now is 75 years twice as long as a century ago and we have to add on 5 years for every decade oh no I cannot stand it ? by the year 2050 AD we will be living till 112 years or more I was only 47 when I wrote this I have dyslexia and I am disabled to what does this all mean to me ? who wants to live to 112 years or more well not me I will be ready to pop my clogs at 75 years and go to meet my Lord Jesus but Jesus might have returned by then and death will be no more ? .

Matthew , 6. 7-13. The Lords Prayer

A OLD LAD'S POEM THE TRUE STORY

A old lad 86 years young in a old peoples home did live th'old chap went out for a walk at about 9 o'clock one Friday morning th'old chap went awall he made his escape freedom freedom for him the Pendle police were informed thy did nowt all day and that's true except every two hours or so gave a call a message over the police radio's to keep an eye out for an old man an old man in slippers and a cardigan walking with a white walking stick this went on all day until about 5-30 pm then they started to look for't old lad they got two or three police dogs and the police helicopter to police men looked down the river bank and on the Leeds and Liverpool canal the helicopter searched the area they most have been bloody well blind at 9 pm they call the search off until 9 am the next day within half an hour they found the old lad in a field at the back of the old peoples home just off Halsted lane in Barrowford he said he got lost disorientated lost his bearings and at dusk 9 pm he laid down in the middle of the field so the police helicopter could see him he could see it just has the police and the police helicopter pissed off in the cold rain and darkness he laid there all night that's where the police helicopter found the old lad alive just with hypothermia the old lads body temperature was dangerously low if the Pendle police had done there job right on that Friday the old chap would have been home all night nice and warm in allot of peoples view it was police incompetence that's what the Lancashire and Pendle police are like you see they called the search off just when the old chap laid down in the middle of the field to die but it was not his time Gods call did not come for't old lad the police helicopter said there's a body we don't know if he's dead or alive th'old chap laid there for half an hour or so before the ambulance got on the seen why did the police helicopter not take the old lad to the hospital there and then like it does for other people or may be he was old and they did not care ?

Dedicated,

To the incompetence of the Lancashire and Pendle Police 21st and 22nd of August 1998 AD.

OH LORD I'M OVER FORTY

Oh Lord I'm over forty my hair now as gone to gray and is falling out they say grass does not grow on a busy street I don't know what they mean come on lad try to think I cannot cut the grass like I use to my back starts to give way with pain it most mead life now is all downhill I wonder if I can ride part of the way when I look across the countryside and think of the fields and places I used to play I know I'm no the path walking downhill so I'll make the most of every day yes I am now in my summer wine years so lets make the most of time to come as I look at all the young people with there spiky haircuts and so called fashion cloths I wore them in years long ago and the music not even they can understand all what I have now they can look forward to in thirty years or so they will be in the same state as I'm in now just a thought I'll be an OAP with a waking sticks then you no always grumpy and complaining just like all the OAP's of today speak up I can't hear you child oh the young people of today .
Psalms 71:15-16. Forsake me not O God in mine old age.

IT'S OUT OF TOWN SHOPPING

It's out of town shopping is now all the rage to great big mill stores and the shopping village you all think you are getting a bargain the price is knocked down to half price instead of paying £20000 you pay £19999 look at the shoes look at that coat there are TV's videos cookers and fridge's computers all you could ever want you pay for it all on your credit card the limit soon you touch then month by month you pay it off interest and all it cost you more in the long run than if you had bought it down the road but do you learn from your mistakes no you go out next week and do just the same you take out a loan to pay your credit card off and by the time it's payed off your credit cards are at there limits again it's a never ending circle of greed on greed necessity poverty cause's pain in the wallet that's if you have anything in it after you have paid out for life's nessary's beer and fag's the TV paper and the rest.

P,P,P, PEAR SHAPED

It's all gone ppp-pear-shaped it's gone what ? its all gone ppp-pear-shaped the yuppe business person said its all gone ppp-pear-shaped, it's all gone ppp-pear-shaped what on earth do they blooming mean it was a perfect circle and it all was well but the circle went ppp-pear-shaped in the blinking of one's eye it's a new saying someone said it suits the up and coming so-called middle class you see you or me would say it's all gone wrong and that would be the end of that but to them it's a misadventure a fate worse than death it's all gone blooming ppp-pear-shaped it's a sack-able offence .

PEARLS OF DEW

The river of life starts from two pearls of dew that run down from a blade of grass then forms a stream to feed the soil of life that the crops feed from it's the never ending circle that all life come's from no beginning no end life must go on the birth is not the start and death is not the end life still goes on in the circle of thing's our mind's cant comprehend what life's all about it's sent people daft who have tried to think it out the wheel never stop's the circle never end's the river of life run's on and on and on from the seed to the plant to the flower to the seed the circle of life past me by in a flash life is not about richness or fame and fun life is about keeping the circle the same the never ending circle goes round and round again never ending or beginning like a ever running wheel.

Genesis 1 . 10 v 11. Let the earth bring forth grass and herb yielding seed.

PURE LOVE

Will you love me when I'm old will you love me when I'm bold will you love me when I'm wrinkled and fat will you love me with no teeth will you love my sweaty feet will you love me when I'm 93 will you love for ever or not or not will you love me for ever or not I love you , do you love me tell the truth, if truth it be .

ROMEO AND JULIET NOW IN OLD-AGE

Romeo and Juliet their love was never-ending now in old age they sit there in their rocking chairs rocking time away, away and away Romeo can't remember any-one not even Juliet anymore and the only thing Juliet wants for her birthday now is death to be at rest for ever-more yes they are both now in an old people's home Romeo and Juliet your mum and dad or grandparents ? there are homes and rooms full of Romeo's and Juliet's all sat round silver haired colourless wrinkled and old they sit there looking at each other every day of the year for years on end time no more exists for them with their hearts and minds I don't know where it's sad to say life ends like this for most left there with no loved ones who really care their children visit from time to time or never in truth there's not much left to visit any-more they don't know who they are, or who you are they just sit there rocking in a place faraway are they back in their childhood and youth holding hands who knows who can tell it's all locked away somewhere in their minds in a hazy mist of time and tide time and tide wait for no man or woman and so you will find out if you live long enough .

RACING IN THE NUDE I'M FREE

In the 1800s and 1900s men used to run naked over the moors of Lancashire on Whitworth moor near Manchester it is said the racing of naked men took place my mate's pop it in Peter and Fred sorry Fred's would have a great time it is said a large group of men ran naked seven miles over Whitworth moor there was a large group of spectators men women and children and they did not think it was out of the ordinary or strange mind you the first Olympics all the people ran nude in many parts of Lancashire nude racing took place notwithstanding the vigilance of the Lancashire country police and local police I could just see the police running after them with their truncheons out we all know they are a load of queers you can see them at the hole in the walls or I should say the public WC's mind you you could even sell your wife in Lancashire at one time the lower class's in Lancashire thought it purely legal transaction if their wife was taken to a place of sale with a halter around her neck and the buyer was given a written receipt by the husband for the money paid it all happens in good old Lancashire I'm free.

THE PREACHER REVERENT BOB

I know a local preacher he lived down our street and when he was not preaching he was wandering the streets with his Beterware Catalogue knocking on your doors do you need a new brush Mrs. or some toilet cleaning stuff or what ? now Preacher Bob's moved down south he's still a preacher man

But at night out he goes ? when you get a knock on your door he's stood there with your take-a-way

Of sweet and sour pork you pay preacher Bob and of he goes after a blessing for his tip Father, Son and Holy Ghost there goes Preacher Reverent Bob have preacher will travel is The Reverent Bob's motto.

Dedicated to Rev Robert Shaw

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE

Would a rose smell so sweet if named by any other name would the rose bloom so bright in God's pure sun light so fair, so sweet The Christmas Rose the thorn so sharp remember this our Christmas Rose is our Lord Jesus Christ

Written one Christmas time for Mr. C B Rose. C/Ber Dapple Gray.

SAINT EVERHARD PENIS

The patron saint of Hard-on's

I went to the church of all the virgins in the town of Prickhard-on-Sea I found in the church a dusty statue covered over with a dusty pink rubber cover it looked like the biggest condom I've ever seen and there before my dirty old eye's The Statue of Saint Everhard Penis I can see with one hand down on one side in his other hand was his penis what a size a stone-age erection from years gone by why oh why the church old lady's cried as this fine statue been left on one side ? a chopper of that size should be shared by all I'm first in-line cried Mother Superior Joan now I know what all the stone circles are a tribute to a pagan saint those stone erections all over the lands if you dig down you will find statues of Saint Everhard Penis lieing on his back blown over by the wind thousands of years ago.

U/K SEARCH AND RESCUE AND WORLDWIDE

May-day, May-day, S-O-S, a shout for help goes out across the air wave's R/A/F Kinloss Rescue take control Nimrods and Sea-Kings take to the air you can hear there Air to Ground on 2182 sw/usb Distress, 3023 sw/usb night (pri), 3089 sw/usb night (sec), 4340 sw/usb Nato Subs, 5680 sw/usb day (pri), 5699 sw/usb day (sec), To the rescue they are off, Police, Fire, Ambulance, Coastguard, Life-boats to Mountain and Cave and Fell rescue's Mine rescue all on 24 hour call, 365 day's a year in sun wind rain and snow Radio Ham's, C/Ber's all help if they can, members of the public to try to give a helping hand Rescue, Rescue a boat's gone down, a plane crash on land or sea people injured on the mountains and fells or fallen down a cliff-face from fire to floods people trapped under ground the 999 calls go out the rescue service's are always there on call the unsung heroes of our lands we salute you one and all if we could give you all a medal we would or a Knighthood from the Queen Kinloss rescue, Kinloss rescue you are fare readable listening out, it could be your life call next ?.

SEASONS OF TIME

The hand of time keeps on turning the seasons soon go by seasons turn to years in a twinkle of one's eye four season in a year Spring, Summer, Autumn and winter and back to Spring the hand of time keeps on turning in the cobwebs of one's mind 30 day's as ?I can't remember all the rest have 31 except ? which as 28 or some years 29? count your life in seasons how many seasons in your life to-date one year is four seasons that make's me 188 ? and the hand of time still keeps on turning will it stop I don't know when but when it does it will be a brand new season on a journey that never ends

SHOULD ONE

Should one be fat should one be thin should one be average what ever average is should one have sex should one abstain should one have alcohol should one have none should one smoke or should one not should one have money should one be poor should one be ill should one have

pain should one be disabled should one be put down should one have faith should one have none
should one vote what is the answer or do you have none.

WHEN I SLEEP

As I lay here drifting into sleep my mind drifts I don't know where on clouds I float away
dreaming of bygone days dreaming of what is to come where does the mind go when the spirit
drifts away when one's asleep one does not know does one drift to the heavenly place or does
one drift to the future I don't know does one go beyond our time beyond our memory's of this
life is this life just a stepping stone of something better yet to come ?.

BETWEEN NIGHT AND DAY 1997

There is no place like, like when where the nights never never end,
There is a place before the night ends and the dawn light starts to shine where time stops for a
fraction never to start for some again.
It's one of the mysteries of this world there is a time between sleep and being awake when time
is no place to be found and if between night and day sleep and being awake if both meet
together where could you end up.
Is this the time where we live in dreams, is this the time when the soul leaves to go where, to
enter Heavens bliss or Hell's fire where the fallen angels live.
Or you might think it all ends then when the soul leaves the body never to enter it again, or is it
a place where we live in dreams where we can do anything we want, or is this fraction of time
where we charge our life's cells up.
Is it the place where we meet our fears of life who knows it is over before we can blink, is it a
place where we dream of times long ago where our childhood dragons live.
And let's not forget the evil things which we shut out of our minds in the daylight time, but in
dreamland can live to torture and torment our souls and leave us in fear when the day light
shines.
Shout for help, please let's wake up in the world of the paranormal the place to live, the outer
limits of the soul, do you suffer are you the victim of your own mind or the predator of
someone's hell.
Or are you the voyager in the learning zone where life and death don't exist.
Do you ride the winds of life robbing the poor for your own greed is your fear that when you die
the God of the poor will judge you for your greed on earth and send you to the Hell where the
fallen angel is the devil and then you will be in Satan's grip.
Is your dread the dead the souls of them who have gone before you to the place where you are
not sure of, or you don't know if they have gone to Heaven or Hell.
So you start to go to church to try to edge your bet and earn a place in the Heavenly realm will it
work you are not sure but you still fear you will land up in the other place Hell, if you don't no
God and His ways it's too late when you are dead to find out.
It's strange in life you cared only for your self, no thought for the poor person whose life you
made a living hell .

So you fear in dream land of what's to come you can see the souls of them you let down, and then your life stops your soul leaves do you fear you should because it's eternity in Heaven or Hell for you.

Now you travel the roads of death between the valleys and shadows and mountains of the way to eternity will you fear the way or walk without fear with your head held high.

Psalm 37. Fret not yourself because of the wicked.

STAR TREK WHERE NEXT HEAVEN

Great we first had Star Trek then we get Star Trek The Next Generation what next Deep Space Nine and then Star Trek Voyager all boldly going where no other as gone before? the question I ask my self is this If no ones gone before how come some one or thing is always there when they get there ? and with all that technology to and the application of practical and mechanical sciences why can't the sciences be applied thus ? to grow some hair on Captain Pickards head ?even the Aneroid the robot Data as hair and how come where ever they go in space the Star Ship always as a breakdown my old Lada estate ran better till I sold it to Deep Space Nine for a shuttle craft and then you have Dax a parasite living in a person Its like having worms at least in the 1990s you can take a pill to get rid of a parasite like a worm ? and what next for Star Trek a Quantum Leap to Heaven beam em up Scotty they have gone to Hell instead or will they just boldly bog off into a worm hole get it worm hole a hole for parasites ? never mind forget it. Genesis 1v 6, says And made two great lights, The greater light to rule the day, And the lesser light to rule the night, He made the stars also. So God could have made other idiots like us somewhere or did God give it up as a bad job after us ? could you blame God I could not after seeing how man as turned out. Live long and prosper

WHAT A WAY TO DIE DO YOU CARE

Would you eat meat or fish if you new how it was killed ? have you ever thought how it die's ever yes or no it is not pleasant which ever way it is did it have it's throat cut and left to bleed to death or did it get 2000 volts and then it's throat cut and left to die or did it get 2000 volts and then shot in the head did that fowl get strung up by the legs then have it's throat cut and left to die or did it have it's head cut off and left in the dust as dead or did that person put there hands around it's throat and twist and break it's neck and what about that fish , how was the catch was that fish catch, by hook and line then hit on the head with a stick or was the catch from a big boat lifted out of the sea then left on the deck to suffocate do we ever think just how our food is killed and do we care or not do we ever ask the butcher , or the people who run the cafe do we ask the owner of the take-a-way just how there fish and meat is killed ? you see most of the take-a way are run by people from other country's Jew's an Muslims kill there meat by cutting it's throat and the Christians stun there cattle first nether is a pleasant way no wonder people become vegetarians.

Psalms 104 .14 v 18 . He bringeth forth grass for the cattle and green herb for the service of man.

TAFFY AND BLODWIN

The Celtic Welsh what a race when you go into a shop they are speaking English and you go in they start to speak in Welsh land of my father's the land of the free , I'm free where Taffy and Blodwin lived down by the sea both go to chapel like all the Welsh do ? now Blodwin was a good chapel girl well until she was 13 when she lost her virginity with Taffy I'm free now Taffy was an ex-miner from the valleys he was coal was his life until all the pit's shut down now Taffy and Blodwin have been wed many years now there children have all grow up and left the valleys to find work now Taffy and Blodwin in a small cottage do live by the sea Taffy fishing and Blodwin making barrow-brith-bread for tea.

Matthew 25:6v 8. then all the virgins arose and trimmed their lamps
Boredar Taffy yackidar Blodwin

THE ANSWER TO ALL

Solitary as a bird in the sky solitary as a goat on a mountain side solitary as a person in the wilderness solitary as a person in prayer to God solitary as your mind solitude is many things to many people one can find solitude in a crowd of people solitude in one's mind seek what is true take time to think take time to talk to God take time to do the right and true thing but never put off till tomorrow what can be put right today because tomorrow never comes and at some stage you will have to answer for your deed and what you have done right or wrong yes , Answer to God seek and you will find ask and you will be answered knock and the door will be opened the answer is there he is all things to all mankind even at times when you think no-one is there for, You he is there, Jesus Christ The Son of God Amen.

THE BACK END TILL SPRING

Blue sky early in the morning has now turned to gray dark clouds blowing fast across the sky trees with leaves turned upside down in the wind some look like silver and some look like gold leaves of light and dark green and copper blowing of the trees you know it's Autumn now trees bending in the wind old trees blowing down you don't no where the wind comes from that blows the leaves around and around berries heavy laddered on the trees food for the birds in winter berries gleaming red next to the golden leaves ready to blow down people find there winter coats as the rain starts to fall the rain blows in there faces hale and snow will soon be here the frost will soon be on the trees frost diamonds glinting in the light when the sun breaks though the trees the wind blows colder day by day it brings tears to your eyes then out of nowhere you look up and the sun starts to shine yes it's cold it's winter now but the sun breaks though to light up your face now the snow starts to fall deep and white crisp with frost birds fly about looking for food and by the fire you sit at night nice and warm and keep Jackfrost outside till the spring flowers come breaking though the ground and the warm sun light is all around us spring is here at last.

Ecclesiasts 3 . 1 v 8. To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.

THAT BLOODY SUN AGAIN

When the sun come's out they all let it hang out their are men in shorts with big beer belly's hanging down with fat hairy leg's all white and sickly men with leg's like bean poles with vain's sticking out their are big fat woman in shorts with big fat bums sticking out and busts hanging down to the ground there are thin one's and fat one's showing all they have got they sit on the grass with their legs wide apart they lay in the nude like big whales on the beach there is only one thing to blame for all this they are as common as muck all the lot of em then you get a thunder storm look at em run by-gum that's made my day great .

THE CATTERBURY TAIL'S

Oh little town of Catton how sweet we see you sleep as through the dark streets and onto the roofs Santa Paws creeps has he carries a large sack he climes down all your chimneys to bring Catmas gifts to all your Cats Rabbit and Fish treats and Victorian Chocolate Mice as around the Catmas Tree the Cats sing Catols all night in the bleak mid winter the frosty winds do blow as around the fire our Cats are nice and warm snow as fallen, snow on snow on snow on snow on snow in the bleak mid winter and not so long ago and now our Cats smell the Turkey cooking in the stove they know they will get some if like you children they are very good oh little town of Catton I cannot see you no more you have completely vanished beneath all that snow oh oh oh our Cats will not go out they want to keep there tail's all nice and dry and warm in the bleak mid winter and not so long ago.

Matthew 2 . 1 v 3. Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the King,
There came wise men from the east to Jerusalem.

THE COMMONWEALTH OR EUROPE OR NOWT

When will Briton use it's veto on the Euro Song Contest ? no more Terry Wagon or that Eurovision crap no more weeks of crappy tunes and so called songs of rubbish no more peak Radio and TV time taken up by daft gets who can't sing people most be daft to put up with such rubbish every year lets get out of Europe we put in more money than we get back and we still paying out to the bloody British Commonwealth lets tell Europe and the bloody Commonwealth to go get stuffed Europe tells us we can't eat fish and meat and clothes our fishing fleets naked and our farming going that way we have a Euro standard hand and a Euro standard bum and they say we have to have Euro money to and even a Euro stranded condom

length they say there willy's are bigger than ours in the UK lets flood the channel tunnel so the buggers can't come over here lets have a Free Briton and say balls to them all No Europe , No Commonwealth just use in Briton .

Psalms 119-96. I see that all things come to a end .

And now bloody Europe say's we cannot have the Queens Head on the Euro Money it's time to get out of bloody Eurore.

THE CELTIC WELSH

The Celtic welsh are a strange lot when you walk into a welsh shop they all are speaking English until you walking then they turn there heads and start to grin they turn back and all start speaking Welsh they are a queer people a queer race but they want you to spend your brass on Celtic Arts and Crafts and when you go out the door they say boridar or Yackidar or something like that and when you are out in the street if you are taken short or want to wee or poo you look for a toilet can you find one no but if you do the singe's in Welsh how do I no which side to go in and I would like to know why are the Welsh singe's green I don't know some one might and why do the Welsh wear leaks in there coats a leak is a veg ??? a queer lot I can under stand them wearing a nice Dafidil a nice yellow flower but not a leak.

Let's rebuild that Dyke and keep the Welsh out of England and rebuild the wall and keep the Scotch out of England to and deport the Irish England for the English only.

THE FACTS OF LIFE

Can you please tell me what are The Facts of Life because I'm sure I don't know I asked when I was 12 years old they said ask again when your 21 ? I asked again when I was 21 years of age they said if you don't know by now you'll never know well I'm a wise old fool in my middle age now I've read books seen films and videos but never a thing I've read or seen of the so called Mystery's of The Facts of Life so if you know just what they are please drop me a line and put me out of the misery before I'm 95 we are born we live we pass away we hope we go to a far better place our faith in what is to come to the heavenly realms where the facts of life don't prevail except maybe in a dream of bygone days we can't remember before our birth so maybe we won't remember our life on earth ?.

THE 1960s LAKES PARADISE

Two very flowery friends of mine opened a bed and breakfast place up in the district of the lakes, of all the places, would you know they put a sign in the window but their spelling was not good the sign read Fred and Breakfast 10 quid a night but they soon found their mistake when a spinster lady tried to book in, they gave a full English breakfast , Black- pudding beans and eggs, chips and mushrooms and tomatoes not forgetting bread and butter and a lovely pint of tea, they even gave Continental breakfasts it's just like the full English except they put you garlic butter on your bread there was always salt and pepper and a bottle of tomato sauce nothing was ever

left out , they did a lovely evening meal Fish and chips and for afters gingerbread pudding and even Kendle mint cake and some Morecambe bay shrimps what a treat and after in the sitting room a great plate of Wensleydale cheese, and on a hot night in the back garden on the grass they had Brew 10 and some Red Barrel Ale for you to drink the lady's was taken care of they laid on some milk-stout in a nice little wineglass with some lemon and a cherry in in the day's of flower-power may your journey never end and may the wind of paradise blow up your nose.

THE RACE

Are you in the fast lane of life or are you in the slow or are you at the cross-road's not knowing were to go will you run the race of life will you be first or last or somewhere in the middle and do you rely care there is one thing in life that's sure that somewhere in the race you will meet The Grim-Reaper waiting to take you to another place it could be Heaven , It could be Hell the choice is yours who can tell have you been good to others or have you made there life a living hell one day you will stand before The Lord to be judged on your life will you be able to stand before The Lord and tell Him all went well now I know I am a sinner saved by grace though my Lord Jesus Christ can you stand there and say the same or will you stand before The Lord and lie and cheat like you did on Earth.

TIME DIMENSIONS

Time, Past, Present and Future is it as a continuous whole is time, timeless as a dimension unknown or are we time sharing along side a parallel time zone can we leap though time as in a quantum leap or jump is the unthinkable possible in a parallel time zone can we pass from now to the past or go forward to the future a time yet to come do dimensions exist in a parallel time or a parallel creation unknown to us now can the lines cross can we move in time can our minds be the link to all this do we travel the time roads with no starting point and no end is life a continuous whole we do not know just who or what God is but we are made in His image it says so in the Holy Bible, Gods instruction book that Gods image is not our body's but our souls our life-force our thoughts when this body wares out or packs up from the unknown our souls travels on into the continuous whole Heaven where the truth will be revealed to all .

TIPTOE

We tiptoe over the clouds of life we tiptoe down the valleys of trouble and strife we tiptoe through the valley of pain and grief we tiptoe up the mountain side of death our souls like the birds of the air fly away till we reach Heaven far away at the Heavenly gates we tiptoe through to where Jesus waits for you we sit there at The Masters feet and rest till it come's our time to meet all the souls we loved so sweet and in Heaven joy and peace all sat around at The Masters feet .

THE JOURNEY NEVER ENDS

The spring of my life came into bud with hope and expectation of what is to come the summer of my life came in leaf it was not what I thought it would be like the autumn of my life came in as the leaves faded away I looked back and thought of what if I had done ? would life have been different who knows now the winter of my life is here my hair has gone snowy white and some as fallen out now when I look back I think of what life as been like and what might have been and then it comes time to journey on to the other shore where things of this life are but a dream

where we start to walk another road the journey is never ending so put your trust in your faith what ever your faith may be I hope it's good not evil for the good will set you free .

IT'S TRUE YES IT IS TRUE

He was born over 2000 years ago but He was in this world before and there is nothing about this world this man does not know He even walked in the garden with Adam and Eve and told Satan to slithered away but Satan blinds your eye's from the truth every day. He was in the Lions den with Daniel yes He was and He was in the fiery furnace with three men there names was Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah they was renamed by a pagan King called Nebuchadnezzar to Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego after three pagan gods. He was at Sodom and Gomorrah and He made them both explode. He so Solomon in all is richer's and glory and He so Nebuchadnezzar sell his wife for a pair of shoes He so Job in all is pain and He took it all away He healed the blind-deaf and dum and disabled to and the Centurion's paralysed servant cured to. He even changed water into wine bless the Lord it tasted fine He walked the road to Golgotha could you ?. He suffered death on the cross just to save you He rose from the dead and walked on the Earth once again and then went to The Farther in Heaven to prepare a place for you and now as Christians we wait for the final date when Jesus will return to use for good.

THE SOCIETY FOR NUDE POETRY READING ?

This Report from the nude room

Down London they have started nude poetry reading clubs well you know what there like down South London . Leg-Over-Now-Dear-Or-Never , well that's what London stands for up North you stand there in the nude and read your poetry out to all the audience the audience are sat there in the nude too letting it all hang out just think you are stood there reading your poetry out to all then you get a funny feeling and they all see you've got a pan handle on they call it body language it helps express your poetry then a lady in the audience eating a 99 ice cream she drops the 99 ice cream and flake on a brown mans lap what a shock cold ice cream all down his legs she try's to clean up the mess that's not the 99s flake Miss you've got hold of it's the brown mans stick of rock ? you are stood up there reading your poetry out you look around the audience all the men are sat there with there legs open and all the woman with there legs shut well lady's you will see all the men who need Viagra pills and all the men who don't and when the poetry

readings over and they all stand to give you a clap the lady's who have been holding there wind in will play you a tune too 100 bums vibrating 100 smells around the room nude poets with pegs on there nose's running from the room and then the poetry readings over and off you all go home to sit around the fire and discuss the nude poetry reading club .

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS TO THE POET OR SONG WRITER

- 1.- Take no notice of others who try to tell you how to write your own poetry or songs.
- 2.- Write from your heart not your head.
- 3.- Look listen and learn from all of your life's experiences bad and good.
- 4.- Never be put of by others who think they know more than you, thy no nowt.
- 5.- Fell what you write form your soul.
- 6.- Never go on a study course learn from your own life's journey.
- 7.- Look, Learn, Listen and write in your own words not how others think you should write.
- 8.- Keep a record some how of what you learn from your life never forget use any means you like to remember things pen and paper, record or what ever suits you.
- 9.- Let your mind rest from time to time this gives you time to reflect on things never mind if it's a day or a week or whatever there is no rush your life is your own to do with as you wish.
- 10.- Pray and trust in God, let Him lead you in all things put God first, but if you do not believe in a God I pity you, you have to have a believe in something why not God.

THE TEN IS NOT'S

- 1 . A Christian is not a person who
Walks around in a funny hat and coat looking plane.
- 2 . A Christian is not a person who
Goes around door-knocking and getting on peoples nerves.
- 3 . A Christian is not a person who
Is seen to go to church three times on a Sunday.
- 4 . A Christian is not a person who
Goes to 3,4 or 10 house or prayer meetings every week.
- 5 . A Christian is not a person who

As to bow down to the east to pray
Or pray to a saint to get answered prayers.
6 . A Christian is not a person who
Is seen to be a do gooder a goody two shoe's.
7 . A Christian is not a person who
Does not smoke.
8 . A Christian is not a person who
Does not have a alcoholic drink.
9 . A Christian is not a person who
As good thoughts all the time oh no.
10 . A Christian is not a person who
As the right answer every or all the time.

John 3-16.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

THE TRUE NATURE OF ALL THINGS

When I stand here on the Earth it reminds me of the one God when I look up to the sky and see the sun it reminds me of Jesus Gods son and when I look up to the stars at night and see the moon and stars and the clouds drifting in the sky it reminds me of The Holy Spirt there is one Farther one Son and one Holy Spirt the true nature of all things good Man, Beast, Birds, Sea creatures all living things as one at peace the green grass, Trees, Flowers, and all the fruits of the Earth given to us by God to care for and then I can see War and Death unkindness, cruelty, Terrorism, violence, Pollution and things to contaminate the Earth and this makes me think of Evil and The Devil and then I think of Jesus His death on the cross and how Jesus came back to us from the dead and I can see our rescue our rescuer Jesus and then I can see how God will reconstruct all things back to how it should be peace will return to stay forever Heaven on Earth and Earth in Heaven.

Revelations 1 . 7 v 16 . I AM ALPHA and OMEGA . The First and the Last.

THE WEAKER SEX PROVED THE STRONGER

The weaker sex was the strongest when our Lord was put to death now there stood by the cross of Jesus His mother, and His mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleopas and Mary Magdalene a woman anointed Him for His burial woman was last at the cross and first at the open tomb woman was first to see the Risen Saviour and a woman was sent by our Lord to tell of His resurrection and where were the men hiding away.

VIAGRACADABRA

They have invented a new pill VIAGRA an anti Impotence drug it costs £600 or more a pill for the British lads who can't keep the British end up the old name for this complaint was called the brewers droop.

WHAT A MAN'S GOT TO DO

What a chap's got to do in the name of love to please his better half ? to go to the shop's and supermarkets and look like he's enjoying him self ? the worst shop a lad's got to go into to please she who must be obeyed is the lady's dress shop a place of sheer hell to a chap the poor lad's got to stand there and look like he's enjoying the experience while big fat woman try to get into dress's , pant's and jumpers that don't fit big bums sticking out of the dressing room and big bust's flopping about a size 24 trying her best to get her body into a size 12 ?? and then the chap's got to say things that's not true oh you do look sweet in that ? why can't a woman grow old with grace and let the flab hang out and not try to iron out the rinkels on her face and dye the silver hair on her head and the the silver goes to gray you never hear us lad's lament when our belly's hang over our pant's and our hair's fallen out and where bold so just give a thought and a prayer for us lad's Amen next time you see a chap out with his better half trailing about the shop's what a mans got to do in the name of love goes above and beyond the call of duty and praise every man deserves a medal for what he's done in the name of love and trail round the shops for hours with a sad smile on his face .

? WHO ?

Born in a stable in a inn yard born and died a Jew grew up like any other Jewish child learned a trade when He was young He was a big strong young man He went out to cut tree's down carted the tree's back to the workshop He worked the wood as a carpenter He learned His trade from His adopted father He spent the first 30 years of His life as a workman and child when He was about 30 years He went out preaching praying and healing the sick and disabled for this He was Killed on a tree a wood cross He did not want to die but He gave His life for you over 2000 years ago so if you believe in Him you will have eternal life His name was ??.

Matthew 25-40 I say unto you inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren

Ye have done it unto Me. Read The Bible try The New Testament

YOUNG AT HEART 2

A long time ago or so it seems when I was young or should I say a child we always had places to go unlike the young of today the Church had a youth club and The Church Lads Brigade Cubs and Scouts and Brownie's and Girl Guides or The Band of Hope Dance Halls and the Cinemas our playing in the street or park Nock and Run, Hide and Seek, Tin-in-the-ring or Tig Hopscotch and Skipping for the girls and most boys like a scrap or fight all palls in the end we had the radio, books and games toys as well loads to do but the children of today have far much more than us and sad to say they always complane of nowt to do.

Exodus 32 v 6. And the people sat down to eat and drink and rose up to play.

YOU NEVER KNOW

Misty mountain sky's rivers running by sand between my toe's as we go walking by sun and rain

on our face's England's summers are all the same when you are young the days are never ending
when you are old the days fly away remember this is you time use it well if you can because you
never know when it will all end oh my companion and friend retain your faith that will never
never end.

CUSTODIANS OF TIME

The custodians of time are the teachers
the keepers of knowledge and facts
the keepers of experience and traditions
the past and the present and the prospect of what is to come
the story tellers the poets the song writers
are the teachers the custodians of time
not someone with a degree in education
of one subject or two is all they know
the custodians of time are the old folk
customs past down by generations to you
by the word of mouth from a parents to children
so you see the true facts will astound you I know
you are overwhelmed with amazement I can tell
you see a school teacher can teach you a subject or two
but the story tellers and the poets and song writers
and grandparents and parents teach you the rest
knowledge past down in devout books of time
are your inheritance of what once was and what is
and the prospect of what is to come .

Help I've Lost My Yo -Yo

Our Sydney's got a yo-yo it's not much use to him He wanted two old ladies to play with it but they could not find his string silly old bats .

Donald's got a yo-yo He cannot use the dam thing at all because he's got a knot in the middle of his string.

Steve's got a yo-yo He lets his wife play with his it brings tears to the old lad's eyes when she rolls it up and down.

Peter's got a yo-yo His wife won't play with his She says she plays with the old men's yo-yos where she works at the old peoples home and she's too tired at night to play with his.

Now Jimmy the caretaker has a yo-yo he let some children play with his and now he's locked up in jail where the inmates play with him I hope they cut his string or string him up.

Nigel showed his yo-yo to a woman at the corner it filled her with delight.

Chris has a yo-yo his lights up at night when you pull his string, and get the wrist action just right.

but I've lost my yo-yo My wife will want to play with mine when I get home at night but I can't find it oh no,

she'll miss it there's no doubt because I've lost my little yo-yo.

I wonder if Nat or Alf have a yo-yo if so will lend me their's.

I could ask happy Jack but he's got his string all tangled too.

Auntie Glad's playing with her husband's yo-yo so she'll not lend me his.

Viv has her husband's yo-yo it's micro sized he only has a little one.

I've seen it with my own eyes

so will you buy me a new yo-yo for my Birthday or Christmas ? come on be a sport, Please, please, pleas

THE END

So this is the end of over two and a harf years of my poetry work from May 1996 till December 1998

So I will leave you all with my Seasons Greetings Poem

SEASONS GREETINGS

Here's wishing you what you wish me
seasons greetings to you all
I hope your Turkey is as dry as old shoe leather
and your Stuffing is burnt as well
may your Brussels Sprouts be like bullets
and your Roast Potatoes be like rocks
may the rest of your Veg's be like mush
and your Christmas Pudding be under cooked
and your Custard be like dog sick
I so on your path the other day
may your Wine be off and your Beer be flat
and I hope your Cracker does not crack
and if you get a Present it wont be from me
so here's wishing you what you wish me
and I hope your New Year is crappy too
I know you don't have a sore arse and haemorrhoids
Because you are a perfect arsehole, unlike me
I don't see why I should have all the fun
so keep on taking the pills just like me
Keep your bowels open and put your trust in God
and you wont go far wrong take a tip from me
God bless my children and my all your troubles be
little ones and I hope they all have good looks like me.

From Donald and them lot who live with me
and She who must be obeyed the wife.

Donald Jay

POETRY

